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ALBONI.

(From a Correspondent, Southampton, May 26th.)

As an old correspondent of the *Musical World*, permit me to lay aside for an instant the *dolce far niente*, and write you a few words about the departure of Alboni for America. She left to-day, in the steamer *Ermann*.* Although Alboni evidently wished to be as incognito as possible, to avoid the persecution of theatrical managers and their agents, concert givers, &c., who have been offering her unheard-of sums, for a series of farewell performances previous to her departure, her presence here has raised no small degree of excitement and curiosity. I was in the same hotel as the celebrated singer, having gone to Southampton for the purpose of taking leave of a friend who was going to the United States by the same steamer as Alboni.

It may be all very well to say that the English are not inquisitive. I beg leave to deny it. As with Jenny Lind, so it is with Alboni, or any other celebrated person. During the two or three days she has passed here, she has not been able to stir out without being followed and stared at. The hotel was also surrounded by a posse of curious persons, who watched her going out and her going in—looking up at the windows and balconies in expectation of catching a look at the comely Marietta. These were however disappointed; Alboni kept herself as quiet as a mouse, and rarely issued from her hole.

Yesterday the American Consul paid Alboni a visit, and accompanied her, with his own lady and the lady of the Captain of the steamer, *Ermann*, in a promenade about the town. They went to see the steamer, where a little accident almost upset the hilarity of the whole party. I had myself been on board about an hour, when a number of voices cried out, "There she is!—There she comes!" Scarcely had I asked "who?" and received "Alboni" for reply, when I caught sight of the charming *cantatrice*, who, looking negligently about her as she was going to step into the boat, missed the plank, and was within an inch of being precipitated into the water. There would have been a sorry end to the American trip before it began—an anti-climax, and no mistake. Luckily, Rovere and San Giovanni were close behind her, and were just in time to save her. Poor Alboni was as pale as death when she came on board, but she resisted all the solicitations of the doctor to allow him to bleed her, being satisfied with smelling the diverse *flacons* of salts,

and other reviving stimulants which the ladies on board hurried to offer her.

To conclude in haste, Alboni is gone. Luck go with her! O. P. Q.

LISZT AND MADAME PLEYEL.

THE following letter, addressed by the celebrated Liszt to his not less celebrated *camarade*, Madame Pleyel, will be read with general interest.

"Your letter, Madame, has afforded me real pleasure. How can I be otherwise than sensible to the honour paid by an artist "*hors ligne*," like yourself, to my skates? Under your Vesuvian fingers, the ice melts and is transformed to flame, sparkling in luminous columns. I can fancy I hear you from this place, skating upon the wandering imaginations of your auditors, who, spell-bound by your magic talent, no longer contain themselves with admiration and applause.

"Since you will absolutely save from oblivion some of my pieces, let me, once for all, recommend you to shape and adjust them, entirely as you think fit—cut and measure them altogether according to your good will and pleasure."

(Here follow certain suggestions for curtailments, in the *Fantasia* on the *Prophète*, which Mad. Pleyel having already devised, it is unnecessary to publish.)

"Some years ago the *Maréchal Maison*, who excelled in the art of preparing salads, confided to me the secret by which he had arrived at such incomparable results. 'Put in,' said he, 'a little too much of everything, and be assured of success.' If I have occasionally exaggerated this principle in applying it to my *fantasias* for the pianoforte, my excuse may be fairly urged in the pain that has been inflicted upon me by other productions of the same species, into which their composers have really put *too little of nothing*. For the present my ancient constitutional ill-humour has entirely disappeared; and it may be presumed that Weymar has helped me to adopt and maintain the middle course you will perceive in my new publications, which I will send you by and by, as soon as they appear.

"In a fortnight my studies will be ready. The last proofs are before me. I will add to them (for you) the six pedal fugues of Bach, which I have arranged for two hands, with-

* As far as we can make out our Correspondent's writing.

* "*A mes patins*"—in allusion to the *fantasia* on the dance of the *Patineurs*, which Madlle. Pleyel has been playing with such success.

out feet. In playing these, you may charm, at leisure, your classical admirers.

"What is Joachim doing, and why does he not write to me? Pray convey to him my most friendly regards. He is a true artist, and I miss him greatly here, for I am sincerely attached to him.

"Do you know what would be very good for you?—To come, some fine day, and pay me a visit to Weymar, where I should have so much pleasure in chatting with you about a thousand matters. After your London season you will require a little repose. Come, then, take your holiday here, and let me once more hear what the pianoforte is. It would be a kind action on your part, and you would not find me ungrateful. It would also be both good and profitable for the public at Leipzig, Berlin, &c., to hear you play; for amidst the swarm of impertinent '*gacheurs*' and '*gâtemetiers*', who make the trumpet of fame quite hoarse with proclaiming the history of their *furours* and triumphs, one is in danger of losing, little by little, the idea of what is an artist like yourself.

"Again a thousand thanks,—and *Bravissimo! et bien tout à vous.*

"Weymar."

"F. LISZT.

THE WAGNER PAPERS.

(From the Morning Post.)

We make no apology for quitting for once the stage where rival dynasties and contending parties strive to outbid each other, for one where genius and its purveyors contend for public favour, and battle to advance the interest of art and their own. The Wagner war is a real calamity. We do not mean to undervalue the fresh vivid power of Cruvelii, or to depreciate the tones of a more mature *prima donna*, who has delighted us for we will not say how many years, and, we hope will charm us for many more. We feel duly grateful for all that the mighty sisters of song on either side the Alps have given us; but we own to our full share in a weakness with which Mr. and Mrs. BULL may fairly be charged, whether or no they are lucky enough to be as rich, and unhappy enough to be as stupid, as the Herr WAGNER thinks them. We do love novelty, and therefore, we did and do long to hear Mdlle Wagner.

But there is another English peculiarity to which we candidly own, one which seems not to have been taken sufficiently into account in the beginning of the Wagner history, though we suspect it is likely to assert itself strongly before the end, and that is the love of fair play. For our own parts, we would rather linger on an ignorant existence on the bare imagination of Wagner unheard, than purchase the most delicious realities of Fid, or Tab, with the smallest chip of that national jewel which, in this instance, it has fallen to Sir John Parker to protect.

Common sense and equity have here, for once, so steadily marched together, and public opinion has so decidedly confirmed the Vice-Chancellor's judgment, that we are sorry to see the announcement of a threat from the unsuccessful side to carry on the pursuit of the object in which it has failed through all the elastic eccentricities permitted by our judicial machinery. It is not easy to conceive that when both sides have been heard at such length and leisure, there can be anything new to say, and on what has been said there can surely be only one opinion—that, as a matter of justice, fair play, and common sense, Mr. Lumley has the fullest right to insist on an agreement which the Wagners were tempted to break through,

in an evil hour for themselves as well as for him. We cannot, therefore, understand what possible good result can follow protracted litigation. Unless Mr. Gye and Mr. Wagner can unsay all that has been said, and annihilate all that has been written, it is clear that Mdlle. Wagner must sing at Her Majesty's Theatre or not at all in England, unless she be prepared to brave all the pains and penalties of the engagement by which she is bound.

As matters stand at present all parties are sufferers and likely to remain so. The Herr Wagner will get even less than the terms of the bargain which he found so bad as soon as he got scent of a better; the young lady will lose the whole season, whether for honour or for profit; both the managers will lose their very well-merited share of the thing for which England is principally to be valued; and our anxious, eager-paying public, will have to go heaven knows where after Fid, and Tab, or go without.

Surely, a little good-will and good temper, by good advice, might set straight this perverse state of affairs, and unravel the skein which competition and cupidity have conspired to twist. It is clear that Mr. Lumley has the right in his own hand. We do not see how he can be expected to relinquish an advantage so important to him as the exclusive possession of the only new and famous talent of the day. The obstacles to the use of his right have been the active competition of a rival manager, and the natural avidity of Mr. Wagner for the best possible bargain. But since both the manager who wished to buy, and the dealer who wished to sell, these wonderful talents at so high a rate, are forbidden after a full and fair hearing the indulgence in double dealing which they coveted, we cannot understand why they should not know when they are beaten, and instead of incurring the negative and positive waste of money which will follow, if they attack the injunction from Court to Court, till the season is gone, we would, with all respect, advise the one to be content with the rich attractions already at his command, the other to abandon the impossible magnificence of a bargain which will bring him nothing for the very decent terms with which he was well content, till the hope of multiplying them by two glittered before his fancy. English proverbs, like English money, are worth something; so to the manager of Covent-Garden we recommend "Enough is as good as a feast," and to our double-dealing visitor, "Honesty is the best policy."

(From the Leader.)

Why does the brave Englishman, in the midst of a wintry climate, plunge into a cold shower bath, even before he is warmed with breakfast? Because he earns a robust health by the process. Why does the foreign artist plunge into English society? Because he earns health of pocket by the process. Albert Wagner has stated the motive in a confidential letter to a friend, possibly with a candour too coarse for the abrupt publicity of a crabbed court. Other foreign artists, although they may think that "England rewards only with her money," do not like to avow the incentive so nakedly. Nay, we believe that some of the highest will not be solely governed by the one motive which too confessedly suffices for *père* Wagner; but they cannot be so blind to their own feelings as not to know how often it is true in English society, that money is the only return.

Wagner—whom the British public is sharp enough to discriminate in this matter from his passive daughter—has been abundantly execrated for his uncomely candour; but what is he other than a Free-trader? He does no more than apply the maxim, "to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." He vends song, which he finds home made, thus obtaining it at prime cost; and he sells it in the dearest market—in England rather than in France, to Gye rather than to Lumley. It may be an ugly sight to see art the subject of vending, the sport of chapmen; but what else does England give to art, except her money?

Do artists with their bright, glancing, sensitive nature come to England for the sake of our genial climate, or for the enjoyment of our festive "Sunday?" Or, from a cordial yearning towards social institutions, among which Steaks and Stout are most conspicuous?

All the luminaries of art come to London, it is true: we can afford to make London an attractive sojourn to them: we can even recognise the best. There are amongst us men enough of finished taste and refined feeling to impress upon the general mind

the verdict of the nicest and most discriminating criticism. And the general mind, being duly impressed, tumultuously welcomes a Lind. Perhaps our enthusiasm for a great artist is immensely heightened when we are told that Signor A. is a "good father," or Madlle. B. an "irreproachable young lady." We insist far more on the domestic virtues than on the artistic excellence, and the pride of a "very moral people" is appeased by satisfactory family statistics—even in an artist. For those who cannot tell one note from another, have a proper sense of respectability, which demands to be gratified even when the ear is dull.

But we stick by public favourites. We applaud an octogenarian tenor as vehemently as a Tambores in the prime of his powers. A fact that would rather establish the hearty tenacious affectionateness of the English character, than the artistic intelligence of an English audience. London is not, whatever we may think, the consecration of an artist's fame, and this all artists know. We reward only with our money; just as Calcutta, where many an Englishman wastes his liver, if not his life, rewards only (as Mr. Affable Hawk would say) with an *in-Calcuttable* fortune; and as San Francisco with its Lynch law murders, and its wholesale conflagrations, rewards the adventurous deserter of an English home—only with its gold.

How are artists treated in English society? Very well, you say,—too well; for they are highly paid, they live luxuriously, and they are applauded to the echo—when successful. But that is not enough. Follow them into society and see how they are treated. They are received into great rooms—apart, they are looked at, and listened to, as clever birds may be, or the Industrious Fleas. Sometimes they are railed off. Mostly, in trust of their tameness, they are suffered to go loose; for they will only hang about the pianoforte, and do no harm. They are treated with a sort of supercilious indulgence, like creatures that, when well bred, behave almost like human beings. Sometimes, at feeding time—for the human bird does not sing well when starving—they are handed over to the graceful hospitalities of—the Pantry!

Now the artist is, above all creatures, human. Development of the natural emotions is the very object of his training, as it is the original impulse of his nature. He seldom has any inordinate reverence for rank; but he has an Epicurean sense for all that is tasteful, splendid, dramatic, and gustative. Hence he is fitted to enjoy the pleasures of society; but being amidst his fellow-creatures, he craves their sympathy, he craves opportunity to express his own. The true artist hates to be the mere exhibitor or show-boy to his own art; he detects even the cold blooded vanity of a Candanes; he would much rather have the freer licence of a gathering with others of his vagabond race, where the mirth, the wine, the inspiration, the enjoyment, are their own, without alien eyes, cold estrangement, and hands that his are not to touch, though the pulses beating in them are half of his own creating.

It is not abroad as it is here. Adversity makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and many an artist in Italy can trace his blood to high houses and sovereign nobles. With base forgetfulness of the true spirit of heraldry, our nobles know not their fellows sunken in estate, though their genius may blush with the blood of kings and queens. For our aristocracy is mostly a parvenu, purse-proud aristocracy. Abroad, the nobility is not forgotten; but even if that was wanting, the nobility of genius is welcomed; and the tailor who has the utterance of an Amphion enjoys the triumphs of an Amphion. In Paris the artist is at home. In St. Petersburg itself, the Great Bear forgets his autocratic loneliness, when he enters the realms of art, and is the real companion of the wandering genius; as more than one of the brotherhood can vouch. St. Petersburg has no ice like English "good society." A cowardly effrontery which braves a real superiority, because it is licensed by the power to be insolent—a vulgar upstart appreciation of things material above human fellowship or art—a conspiracy of exclusive dealing in courtesies—a want of life; such are the elements of the ice which covers good society in England; not the craggy ice and boundless snows of Russia, not the luscious fruity ice which tempers the burning sun of Italy, but the flat, brittle, shallow ice over the

muddy pond of wet England—ice garnished in fog and casketed under leaden clouds. Many a hot Italian who has fallen, and stung his freezing hands with the blow, has execrated it; and has retreated to find vent in the voice of art, which the English envy and cannot imitate. The German Wagner only philosophizes: he has caught the mantle of a Mephistopheles.

SCRAPS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LOVER OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 316.)

What strikes an Englishman very forcibly in Germany is the finding himself at public concerts, theatres, and even private parties, sitting by the side of a common soldier, whilst he has a superior officer on the other; this common soldier will join in the most refined conversation about art, go to the piano, and sing or play or take a part in a quartett of stringed instruments. All this is very natural, when you consider that this common soldier may belong to the highest class of society, and be, perhaps, the son of a Minister of State, since every man is obliged to serve, and no advancement be bought.*

This is no doubt one of the primary causes of the strong *gout d'honneur*, and of a refined politeness which distinguishes the Prussian army. No undue preference is given to high birth—but the son of a poor tailor or shoemaker serving in the same way as the "aristocrat," learns to value him for what he is really worth as a man, stripped of his fine clothes and attributes of wealth, and wearing the same coat as he does, bearing the same fatigue, and obeying the same command. This is a mutual benefit—the one may gain from the other refined manners, whilst the highborn scion may learn by his own experience to estimate his inferiors (by birth), for their own sake, as their merit must be their own, having no genealogical tree to show, which would confer honour on them, for the sake of some great-great-grandfather having either really been a worthy individual, or else, and alas! more frequently, perhaps, for the sake of such causes which would make an ink-bottle blush.† Music is not a luxury or pastime here, the people cannot live without music. This feeling pervades all classes of society—the lowest and poorest maid of all work has a holiday, and goes to the gallery of a theatre to hear her favourite opera, she carries away her favourite melodies, which she sings whilst sweeping before the house. It is not saying too much, when I mention the assertion of a great publisher at Berlin as holding good. He said, "If I want to know whether an opera is successful, I go early in the morning up and down under 'the Linden,' and I am sure to hear the best melodies from it, by the maids at work and the different 'employés' going to their offices."

This brings me to another fact, that of finding a piano at the humblest abode—house, you cannot say, since no one has a house alone, their size being enormous, and people living in their apartments, closed off from the common staircase, as well protected as comfortable, that they need scarcely envy the big boast of "*our houses are our castles*." Sure it is, there is not half the knocking there for taxes and rates as at our castles. These pianos are sold at prices which would not be credited here; but let me at once say also, there are pianos to be found in Germany of such inferior quality, that it would be impossible to match

* Austria excepted. [Ed.]

† Let him who doubts this assertion look into the history of the nobility of any country.

them in England. Although in the larger towns there are makers of very good instruments, in the smaller towns, and even villages, you find the most oddly constructed cases, with corresponding odd sounds in them. But when I speak of the good pianos of the most celebrated makers in Germany, who make them all (except at Vienna) after English models, I must conscientiously state, that I did not find one which could stand at the side of a Broadwood or an Erard. I told the manufacturers so themselves, who moreover, with German candour and justice, acknowledged it. They cannot produce instruments with such a deep, full, and noble tone, not to say anything of the unrivalled mechanism; moreover, the German pianos would not stand an English climate. I made them open their eyes with astonishment, when I told them of a fact, which our mutual and esteemed friend, "Frank Mori," related to me last season, and which was corroborated by "Thalberg" himself, viz., in 1838, the late Mr. Mori had engaged Thalberg for a tour in the provinces; something like forty concerts were given in about six weeks, and one of Erard's grands used at every concert, without being once tuned all the time. They were astonished to a degree, and no one will deny them the right to that, considering the fact, the truth of which rests on such honourable "testimony" as the above. What I regret most at Berlin was, not being able to see Mdlle. Wagner, who was ill. All I heard about her from every one was, that she is a genius, who loves her art better than the public, and cares little for money,—more unfortunate then, that the silly expressions of her father, a "*vrai père d'une débutante*," have put her in such an unpleasant position. At Berlin, as in every town where she has been, they idolise her. From Dresden, she had princely offers made to her, but refused something immense, in the shape of pecuniary advantage, from the fact of her uncle, Richard Wagner, being exiled from thence on political grounds.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The first appearance of Madame de la Grange on the boards of a London theatre, was an event of no ordinary interest to those already acquainted with her talent, or aware of her celebrity. The part selected for her *début*, on Saturday, was that of Lucia di Lammermoor, and we may at once say that her success was complete.

Madame de la Grange has been singing as *prima donna* in various parts of the continent for something short of ten years. She is, therefore, no novice, and must not be criticised as a novice, with encouraging words of approval, and exhortations to study and progress. What she is now she is likely to be so long as she treads the boards, and so long as her powers do not fail her. Happily, Madame de la Grange stands in no need of patronage, having that in her which fully entitles her to be pronounced an accomplished, and admirable, if not absolutely a great artist. Her voice is a *soprano* of wide compass; some of the higher notes are deliciously clear; the middle tones, though a little hard, are good and available, and the lower ones of excellent quality; not naturally, we should say, a flexible instrument, Madame de la Grange deserves much praise for the pains and energy she must have expended in bringing it under control. That in some respects it is worn, cannot be denied; but this must be attributed to the blighting influence of Verdi, the arch-destroyer of beautiful voices, in whose service, we believe,

Madame de la Grange has wasted a good part of her career. In the opening recitative of Lucia this was perceptible; nor did she do thorough justice to herself in the original *cavatina*, "*Regnava nel silenzio*"; although in the *cabaletta*, some *fioriture*, executed with rare delicacy, brought down the unanimous plaudits of the house. In the duet with Edgardo, and in that with Enrico, Madame de la Grange became, by degrees, more completely mistress of her powers. The end of the latter established her success, and the fall of the curtain was succeeded by genuine applause and a recall. In the famous concerted piece of the contract scene, Madame de la Grange's singing was forcible and pathetic; and throughout the *finale* she sustained her part of the music to admiration. The mad scene, however, was the point in the opera of which the lady took the best advantage to display her powers as a vocalist. With the reserve that her *forte* shakes were not in perfect tune, and that her manner of introducing the lower notes of her voice was occasionally abrupt and in questionable taste, Madame de la Grange may be recorded to have achieved a legitimate triumph, both in the "*Ah non piangere*," and in the *cabaletta*, "*Spargi di qualche pianto*," the former of which she sang with exquisite feeling, and the latter with wonderful *legèreté* and volubility. All her *mezza voce* passages were delightfully pure, both in quality and intonation; while the most charming taste was remarkable in her choice and use of ornaments. In some of her more delicate *traits de bravoure* we were strongly reminded of Persiani, by the extreme finish and unerring equality with which they were executed. In the employment of the *staccato* Madame de la Grange even surpasses that consummate vocalist; indeed, we have heard no singer so neat, so sure, and so beautifully subdued in the application of this peculiar device of florid vocalisation. The termination of the scene was followed by an uproar of applause, and a triple recall for Madame de la Grange. As an actress, the pretensions of the new singer may be shortly dismissed. She is intelligent and essentially ladylike. There is in her whole appearance and demeanour, in spite of a somewhat strange and ungraceful walk, the evidence of what the French term *comme il faut*. In other essentials she is deficient. She has little passion, and appears equally wanting in conception of character. But for the dramatic incidents and the music, her Lucia might be any other personage. Nothing under the sun, however, is quite perfect; and these small drawbacks did not detract a jot from Madame de la Grange's well deserved success—a success the more important to the theatre, since it will be the means of affording some intervals of repose to Sofie Cruvelli, who up to the present time has sustained, almost unaided, the whole weight of the establishment on her shoulders.

Gardoni has seldom indeed sung so admirably, and never acted with such power and truthfulness since his first appearance in London (in 1847) as on Saturday night, in the part of Edgardo. He looked and dressed the character to perfection; and in the whole of the contract scene—more especially the celebrated passage, "*Maladetto*"—exhibited a vigour and earnestness which not only denoted the entire restoration of his physical means, but held out promise of a future excellence to which his warmest partisans had not given him the credit of aspiring. Equally effective was his death scene. The "*Fra poco*" was not less agreeably remarkable for fervid expression than for the studied avoidance of affectation, exaggerated emphasis, and morbid dragging of the time. We could only detect one error of taste.

Instead of dwelling upon the last note but two, in the cadence of each verse of the "Tu che a Dio," Signor Gardoni dwelt on the last note but one, and thus placed the accent in the wrong place. Another mode of taking his breath will enable Signor Gardoni to correct this not uncommon and essentially vulgar mistake, and place his performance beyond the reach of criticism. Signor Gardoni was twice recalled at the fall of the curtain; and then appeared a third time, bringing on Madame de la Grange, in the vestments of the deranged Lucia—which, it would seem, she had retained through the last scene, in anticipation of the honour.

Signor Ferlotti was Enrico, Signor Sussini Bidebent, and Signor Mercuriali Arturo. We must not conclude without a word of unqualified praise for the careful and able manner in which Balfe directed the orchestra—placing Madame de la Grange so entirely at her ease that she was not once obliged to look at her conductor. On his part, Balfe applauded her continually with his *baton*, which was a signal for the members of the orchestra to follow his example, and thereby instruct the audience as to the fit and proper places for demonstrating approval.

Two new dancers made their first appearance after the opera—Donna Pepita Oliva in a Spanish *divertissement*, and Mdlle. Forle in a scene from *La Sylphide*. Donna Pepita is a pretty, compactly formed, nimble, and by no means timorous dancer, of the thorough Spanish type. Her *desinvoltura* left little to be desired. There was nothing new, however, to remark in her performance of the ordinary and most popular dance of her country—a species of *cachoucha*. Mdlle. Forle, who recently came out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris, is also pretty and agile. Remarkably *petite* in person, she of course wants the elegance and dignity which lend such a charm to the *adagios* of this renowned ballet, when the great Taglioni was wont to display the art of *pose* in all its various perfections. In grace, however, as in ease and agility, Mdlle. Forle is already far advanced, and may be named as a *danseuse* of decided promise. She was greatly applauded, and may be considered to have made a "hit." The house was well attended.

On Tuesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated, and the new prima donna, Madame de la Grange, achieved a still more decided success in Lucia than on the Saturday. This lady is a highly accomplished singer, and an artist altogether of superior pretensions, and we have no doubt that she might be made a great feature of the season, if managed properly. But we question very much the policy of putting Madame de la Grange down for such performances as selections from *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, after so unanimous and acknowledged a success as she won in her two appearances. Madame de la Grange should, we think, have been tried in two or three parts before using her name merely to give strength to the bills. On Thursday—a Grand long Extra Night—*Norma* was given, with the *Fetes des Rosieres*, the mad act of *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Madame de la Grange; a Spanish *pas* for the lovely and piquant Donna Pepita Oliva; the last scene of *Cenerentola* for Angri, and *La Sylphide* for Mademoiselle Regina Forle, the agile and graceful. Here was entertainment and variety enough for the greatest operatic gourmand and epicure. Besides all this richness of feast, to make it more palatable, Cruvelli was in splendid voice, sang delightfully, and was rapturously applauded and *feted* throughout the evening. Madame de la Grange seemed to outdo her previous efforts, and excited the

greatest enthusiasm, being recalled after the mad scene no less than three times; and Rosati was more enchanting than ever in her looks and steps.

A meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, interested in supporting the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, was invited by the Duke of Cleveland, the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Clanricarde, his Excellency the Baron Brunnov, and Sir Ralph Howard, to assemble on Saturday in the concert room of the theatre. Upwards of 100 influential patrons of the opera were present. The strongest assurances were given that such assistance should be afforded as would enable Mr. Lumley to carry on effectually the management of the theatre, and resolutions to that effect were agreed to. The resolutions were in substance as follow:—

"1. That considering the beneficial influence which Her Majesty's Theatre has exercised for nearly a century in promoting and extending the musical taste of the country, it is desirable that measures should be taken by this meeting to support Her Majesty's Theatre.

"2. That considering the energy and perseverance which the director of this establishment has displayed in the cultivation of the highest works of art, and in providing for the public taste and amusement during a period of extraordinary difficulty, this meeting will support and assist the director in his efforts to surmount the difficulties of the establishment.

"3. That with a view of establishing an available source for the purpose of carrying on and conducting this establishment during the present season, a fund be raised, to which all friends and wellwishers of the theatre be invited to become subscribers, and that a committee be appointed for the purpose of receiving such subscriptions, and applying the same in such way as they shall consider most conducive to the interests of Her Majesty's Theatre."

A committee was then nominated, and subscription papers having been opened, the friends of the theatre were requested to pay their subscriptions to Messrs. Charles Hopkinson and Co., bankers, 3, Regent Street.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, who had most efficiently presided, and the meeting separated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A REPETITION of *La Juive*, on Saturday night, confirmed the success of M. Gueymard. Although in the important part of Eudisia and Leopoldo the cast of the opera is weak, in comparison with that of last year, in all other respects the execution is superior. Signor Mario could not, or would not, sing the music of Lazarus with the required energy; while his successor, M. Maralti, though a meritorious artist, was not equal to the post of first tenor at the Royal Italian Opera. On the other hand, the exacting part of Rachel, which used to exhaust the physical resources of Madame Viardot, has found in Madame Jullienne a singer able to vanquish its difficulties, without those manifestations of effort and fatigue which destroy the illusion of the scene. The Cardinal of Herr Formes is one of that gentleman's most graphic and striking impersonations. Whatever may be thought of the loudness with which he thunders out the anathema against Leopoldo, its intensity and dramatic power is undeniable; while in the scene with Lazarus, where the unhappy priest unbosoms himself to the Jew, and already divines the secret of his daughter's identity, the acting of Herr Formes exhibits an earnestness and deep pathos scarcely to

them in England. Although in the larger towns there are makers of very good instruments, in the smaller towns, and even villages, you find the most oddly constructed cases, with corresponding odd sounds in them. But when I speak of the good pianos of the most celebrated makers in Germany, who make them all (except at Vienna) after English models, I must conscientiously state, that I did not find one which could stand at the side of a Broadwood or an Erard. I told the manufacturers so themselves, who moreover, with German candour and justice, acknowledged it. They cannot produce instruments with such a deep, full, and noble tone, not to say anything of the unrivalled mechanism; moreover, the German pianos would not stand an English climate. I made them open their eyes with astonishment, when I told them of a fact, which our mutual and esteemed friend, "Frank Mori," related to me last season, and which was corroborated by "Thalberg" himself, viz., in 1838, the late Mr. Mori had engaged Thalberg for a tour in the provinces; something like forty concerts were given in about six weeks, and one of Erard's grands used at every concert, without being once tuned all the time. They were astonished to a degree, and no one will deny them the right to that, considering the fact, the truth of which rests on such honourable "testimony" as the above. What I regret most at Berlin was, not being able to see Mdlle. Wagner, who was ill. All I heard about her from every one was, that she is a genius, who loves her art better than the public, and cares little for money,—more unfortunate then, that the silly expressions of her father, a "*vrai père d'une débutante*," have put her in such an unpleasant position. At Berlin, as in every town where she has been, they idolise her. From Dresden, she had princely offers made to her, but refused something immense, in the shape of pecuniary advantage, from the fact of her uncle, Richard Wagner, being exiled from thence on political grounds.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The first appearance of Madame de la Grange on the boards of a London theatre, was an event of no ordinary interest to those already acquainted with her talent, or aware of her celebrity. The part selected for her *début*, on Saturday, was that of Lucia di Lammermoor, and we may at once say that her success was complete.

Madame de la Grange has been singing as *prima donna* in various parts of the continent for something short of ten years. She is, therefore, no novice, and must not be criticised as a novice, with encouraging words of approval, and exhortations to study and progress. What she is now she is likely to be so long as she treads the boards, and so long as her powers do not fail her. Happily, Madame de la Grange stands in no need of patronage, having that in her which fully entitles her to be pronounced an accomplished, and admirable, if not absolutely a great artist. Her voice is a *soprano* of wide compass; some of the higher notes are deliciously clear; the middle tones, though a little hard, are good and available, and the lower ones of excellent quality; not naturally, we should say, a flexible instrument, Madame de la Grange deserves much praise for the pains and energy she must have expended in bringing it under control. That in some respects it is worn, cannot be denied; but this must be attributed to the blighting influence of Verdi, the arch-destroyer of beautiful voices, in whose service, we believe,

Madame de la Grange has wasted a good part of her career. In the opening recitative of Lucia this was perceptible; nor did she do thorough justice to herself in the original *cavatina*, "*Regnava nel silenzio*;" although in the *cabaletta*, some *fioriture*, executed with rare delicacy, brought down the unanimous plaudits of the house. In the duet with Edgardo, and in that with Enrico, Madame de la Grange became, by degrees, more completely mistress of her powers. The end of the latter established her success, and the fall of the curtain was succeeded by genuine applause and a recall. In the famous concerted piece of the contract scene, Madame de la Grange's singing was forcible and pathetic; and throughout the *finale* she sustained her part of the music to admiration. The mad scene, however, was the point in the opera of which the lady took the best advantage to display her powers as a vocalist. With the reserve that her *forte* shakes were not in perfect tune, and that her manner of introducing the lower notes of her voice was occasionally abrupt and in questionable taste, Madame de la Grange may be recorded to have achieved a legitimate triumph, both in the "*Ah non piangere*," and in the *cabaletta*, "*Spargi di qualche pianto*," the former of which she sang with exquisite feeling, and the latter with wonderful *legèreté* and volubility. All her *mezza voce* passages were delightfully pure, both in quality and intonation; while the most charming taste was remarkable in her choice and use of ornaments. In some of her more delicate *traits de bravoure* we were strongly reminded of Persiani, by the extreme finish and unerring equality with which they were executed. In the employment of the *staccato* Madame de la Grange even surpasses that consummate vocalist; indeed, we have heard no singer so neat, so sure, and so beautifully subdued in the application of this peculiar device of florid vocalisation. The termination of the scene was followed by an uproar of applause, and a triple recall for Madame de la Grange. As an actress, the pretensions of the new singer may be shortly dismissed. She is intelligent and essentially ladylike. There is in her whole appearance and demeanour, in spite of a somewhat strange and ungraceful walk, the evidence of what the French term *comme il faut*. In other essentials she is deficient. She has little passion, and appears equally wanting in conception of character. But for the dramatic incidents and the music, her Lucia might be any other personage. Nothing under the sun, however, is quite perfect; and these small drawbacks did not detract a jot from Madame de la Grange's well-deserved success—a success the more important to the theatre, since it will be the means of affording some intervals of repose to Sofie Cruvelli, who up to the present time has sustained, almost unaided, the whole weight of the establishment on her shoulders.

Gardoni has seldom indeed sung so admirably, and never acted with such power and truthfulness since his first appearance in London (in 1847) as on Saturday night, in the part of Edgardo. He looked and dressed the character to perfection; and in the whole of the contract scene—more especially the celebrated passage, "*Maladetto*"—exhibited a vigour and earnestness which not only denoted the entire restoration of his physical means, but held out promise of a future excellence to which his warmest partisans had not given him the credit of aspiring. Equally effective was his death scene. The "*Fra poco*" was not less agreeably remarkable for fervid expression than for the studied avoidance of affectation, exaggerated emphasis, and morbid dragging of the time. We could only detect one error of taste.

Instead of dwelling upon the last note but two, in the cadence of each verse of the "Tu che a Dio," Signor Gardoni dwelt on the last note but one, and thus placed the accent in the wrong place. Another mode of taking his breath will enable Signor Gardoni to correct this not uncommon and essentially vulgar mistake, and place his performance beyond the reach of criticism. Signor Gardoni was twice recalled at the fall of the curtain; and then appeared a third time, bringing on Madame de la Grange, in the vestments of the deranged Lucia—which, it would seem, she had retained through the last scene, in anticipation of the honour.

Signor Ferlotti was Enrico, Signor Sussini Bidebent, and Signor Mercuriali Arturo. We must not conclude without a word of unqualified praise for the careful and able manner in which Balfe directed the orchestra—placing Madame de la Grange so entirely at her ease that she was not once obliged to look at her conductor. On his part, Balfe applauded her continually with his *baton*, which was a signal for the members of the orchestra to follow his example, and thereby instruct the audience as to the fit and proper places for demonstrating approval.

Two new dancers made their first appearance after the opera—Donna Pepita Oliva in a Spanish *divertissement*, and Mdle. Forle in a scene from *La Sylphide*. Donna Pepita is a pretty, compactly formed, nimble, and by no means timorous dancer, of the thorough Spanish type. Her *desinvolture* left little to be desired. There was nothing new, however, to remark in her performance of the ordinary and most popular dance of her country—a species of *cachoucha*. Mdle. Forle, who recently came out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris, is also pretty and agile. Remarkably *petite* in person, she of course wants the elegance and dignity which lend such a charm to the *adagios* of this renowned ballet, when the great Taglioni was wont to display the art of *pose* in all its various perfections. In grace, however, as in ease and agility, Mdle. Forle is already far advanced, and may be named as a *dansuse* of decided promise. She was greatly applauded, and may be considered to have made a "hit." The house was well attended.

On Tuesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated, and the new prima donna, Madame de la Grange, achieved a still more decided success in Lucia than on the Saturday. This lady is a highly accomplished singer, and an artist altogether of superior pretensions, and we have no doubt that she might be made a great feature of the season, if managed properly. But we question very much the policy of putting Madame la Grange down for such performances as selections from *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, after so unanimous and acknowledged a success as she won in her two appearances. Madame la Grange should, we think, have been tried in two or three parts before using her name merely to give strength to the bills. On Thursday—a Grand long Extra Night—*Norma* was given, with the *Fetes des Rosieres*, the mad act of *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Madame la Grange; a Spanish *pas* for the lovely and piquant Dona Pepita Oliva; the last scene of *Cenerentola* for Angri, and *La Sylphide* for Mademoiselle Regina Forle, the agile and graceful. Here was entertainment and variety enough for the greatest operatic gourmand and epicure. Besides all this richness of feast, to make it more palatable, Cruvelli was in splendid voice, sang delightfully, and was rapturously applauded and *feted* throughout the evening. Madame de la Grange seemed to outdo her previous efforts, and excited the

greatest enthusiasm, being recalled after the mad scene no less than three times; and Rosati was more enchanting than ever in her looks and steps.

A meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, interested in supporting the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, was invited by the Duke of Cleveland, the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Clanricarde, his Excellency the Baron Brunnow, and Sir Ralph Howard, to assemble on Saturday in the concert room of the theatre. Upwards of 100 influential patrons of the opera were present. The strongest assurances were given that such assistance should be afforded as would enable Mr. Lumley to carry on effectually the management of the theatre, and resolutions to that effect were agreed to. The resolutions were in substance as follow:—

"1. That considering the beneficial influence which Her Majesty's Theatre has exercised for nearly a century in promoting and extending the musical taste of the country, it is desirable that measures should be taken by this meeting to support Her Majesty's Theatre.

"2. That considering the energy and perseverance which the director of this establishment has displayed in the cultivation of the highest works of art, and in providing for the public taste and amusement during a period of extraordinary difficulty, this meeting will support and assist the director in his efforts to surmount the difficulties of the establishment.

"3. That with a view of establishing an available source for the purpose of carrying on and conducting this establishment during the present season, a fund be raised, to which all friends and wellwishers of the theatre be invited to become subscribers, and that a committee be appointed for the purpose of receiving such subscriptions, and applying the same in such way as they shall consider most conducive to the interests of Her Majesty's Theatre."

A committee was then nominated, and subscription papers having been opened, the friends of the theatre were requested to pay their subscriptions to Messrs. Charles Hopkinson and Co., bankers, 3, Regent Street.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, who had most efficiently presided, and the meeting separated.

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be matched. In the last scene, when Rachel is thrown into the caldron, and Lazarus mutters in the ear of the Cardinal the fatal words which place it beyond a doubt that the poor victim of treachery and fanaticism is his own daughter, there is in the manner, look, and general demeanour of the German singer a something indefinable that, without an effort, tells the whole story of cowardice and despair which renders the wretched ecclesiastic at once an object of contempt and pity. The acting and singing of Madame Jullienne, M. Gueymard, and Herr Formes, combined with the magnificent *spectacle*, and the admirable efficiency of the band and chorus, directed by Mr. Costa, may possibly, in spite of the weight of the music, render *La Juive* attractive.

The first morning concert, on Friday, of the season, offered nothing remarkable in the shape of novelty. All the strength of the company was brought into request (with the single exception of Madame Jullienne, who was indisposed), and an agreeable programme was made out. The band played the well-worn overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Leonora*, with the usual fire. M. Sainton and Signor Bottesini gave solos on the violin and double-bass with equal and well-merited success. Among the vocal pieces those which met with the greatest favour were a popular national air, admirably sung by Mdle. Anna Zerr (encored); a duet from *Don Pasquale*, by Grisi and Ronconi—an incomparable specimen of *buffo* singing on both sides (encored, and the last movement repeated); Festa's delightful madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale" (very deservedly encored); a clever and characteristic *ballata*, entitled "La nuit du Bucheron," the composition of M. Boulanger, given with great point and spirit by M. Gueymard; and last, not least, the famous "Com'è gentil," sung by Mario, with a grace and sweetness that belong to him alone, and redemanded unanimously. There was also the invariable "Roberto, o tu che adore," given by Mdle. Brandi with much feeling; and the grand *finale* to the second act of *I Martiri*, in which the splendid voice of Tamberlik was heard with thrilling effect; besides a variety of songs, duets, trios, &c., by Herr Ander, Herr Formes, Signor Stigelli, Mdle. Brandi, Mdle. Seguin, and others of the "host" that constitutes the Covent Garden company. From these may be singled out an *aria* of Mozart, sung most artistically by Herr Ander. There was a fashionable attendance.

On Tuesday, Bellini's *I Puritani* was given for the first time this season. The house was crammed to suffocation, and the performance, with some slight exceptions, was without reproach. The hero of the evening, upon whom the greatest honours were lavished, and who did most to deserve them, was Signor Mario. It may be consoling to the admirers of this artist, who were not present, to know that he has not lost his voice, and that, with the exception of an occasional very slight huskiness in the head notes, Signor Mario never sang better than he did on Tuesday night. From his first entry on the scene, there was a something in his manner which denoted an evident determination to do well. He sang the "A te o cara" with exquisite feeling, and was encored; and in the subsequent duet with Henriette (Mdle. Cotti) the passionate expression he imparted to the phrase in which Arturo alludes to Elvira—"Non parlar di lei che adoro"—brought down a volley of applause. In the second act Arturo does not appear; but in the third, the well-known love song, "A una fonte," the duet with Elvira, "Vieni fra le mie braccia," and the *finale*, where occurs the famous passage "Credeasi misera," gave Signor Mario the

amplest opportunity to display his resources. He sang two verses of the air, beginning at the words "Corre a valle," divinely. Phrasing, intonation, taste, and expression were perfect—while the concluding *cadenza* was alike remarkable for elegance, novelty, and the admirable manner in which it was executed. There was a genuine and unanimous tribute of applause after this fine performance. Signor Mario, however, would not accede to the general demand for a repetition, but contented himself with reappearing and bowing his acknowledgments. In the last duet with Elvira, the acting and singing of Signor Mario were equally beyond the reach of criticism, and his wonderful command of the *false* *setto* was forcibly demonstrated in the beautiful phrase "Vieni fra le mie braccia." Last, but not the least worthy of notice, was the intense expression with which the passage, "Credeasi misera," was delivered. In short, Signor Mario's triumph was complete, and made it the more to be regretted that, through negligence or some other cause, he should lately, on several occasions, have sung so indifferently as to create an opinion that his powers were on the decay, and that his voice was no longer the shadow of its former self—ideas which were successfully dispelled by last night's performance.

Of Grisi's Elvira, it is enough to say that it retains all its charms. Her singing was vigorous and brilliant, and her acting as powerful and impressive as ever. In the scenes with Arturo, she shared the applause with Signor Mario, and was more than once recalled during the evening. Signor Ronconi's Riccardo was irreproachable, both vocally and histrionically; but Signor Marini, who played Giorgio, sang out of tune from first to last, and spoiled the popular duet, "Suoni la tromba," which, instead of the usual encore, scarcely obtained a hand. Signor Polonini was highly efficient as Walton; Mdle. Cotti took great pains with Henriette; and Signor Soldi sang more loudly than ever in the small part of Bruno. The orchestra and chorus were as good as usual. In spite of the obscurity of the drama, the precise meaning of which it is impossible to make out, the lovely melodies that abound in *I Puritani* must always be listened to with pleasure, and insure its lasting popularity. It is among the best of Italian operas, and for no reason more than because it is one of the most essentially vocal, and gives so many opportunities to the singers, to exhibit their taste and knowledge to advantage.

Thursday night was an extra night, and the performances were unusually attractive. The house was crowded in every part. After the first act of *Norma*—in which Grisi was in all her glory, Tamberlik more than ever the best of Pollios, and Mademoiselle Brandi greatly improved as Adalgisa—the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was represented, the parts of Almaviva and Figaro being cast to Mario and Ronconi. As far as these two were concerned nothing could well be more admirable than the execution. Mario was, if possible, more completely himself than on Tuesday night, in the *Puritani*. His singing in the delicious air, "Ecco ridente," and the quaint serenade, with the guitar, was the perfection of grace. In the duet, "All' idea di qual metallo," with Ronconi, it was a trial of strength between the two great artists, which should sing the best, which should act with the most gaiety and animation. The palm was awarded to both, and both were recalled at the conclusion. We have never listened to a performance at once more irreproachable and irresistible. In the *finale* to the first act Mario's assumption of inebriety was exquisite. It was a real gentleman,

really drunk—and not a vulgar caricature, as it is too often rendered by the representatives of Almaguira. In short, it is hardly more than just to say, that a more faultless impersonation of the character of the amorous Count, considered both in a vocal and histrionic point of view, than that of Mario last night, has not been seen on the stage for many years. In music like that of the *Barbiere*, Mario is quite in his element. His florid execution is unequalled by that of any other tenor; and as there is nothing that compels him to force his voice, its richness of quality, flexibility, and easy modulation of tone are displayed throughout to the highest advantage.

Of Ronconi's Figaro it is difficult to find anything new to say, although each time he plays the part he produces an endless variety of novel effects—effects not merely to be admired because of their novelty, but also because of their truth, their genial humour, and their perfect accordance with the character of the Spanish barber, imitated from nature by Beaumarchais, idealized and immortalized by Rossini. Never was the prince of "*bouffes*" more thoroughly at his ease than last night—never more evidently determined to carry all before him, and convulse the audience. His "*Largo al factotum*," sung with that facility and "*brio*" for which he is peculiar, was accompanied by such a rapid succession of "points," in the shape of humorous by-play, that the house appeared divided between the office of applauding the singer and laughing at the actor. In the duet with Rosina, "*Dunque io son*," there was an artful mixture of roguish cunning with his buffoonery, which was consummately adapted to the situation. The shaving scene, however, in which the mission of Figaro, as a spy and go-between, reaches its most trying point, was the triumph of Ronconi. He was here, there, and everywhere—now teasing Bartolo and keeping off his attention from the lovers—now communicating to the latter, by look, gesture, or word dropped at hazard, some fact of immediate moment—now smashing the porcelain, and returning with a hurt leg, feigned with inimitable grimaces—in each and every position equally comic and natural, never, even when most preposterous, doing anything absurd or absolutely inappropriate to the situation—unless, perhaps, in the somewhat rough and inconsiderate application of the razor to the face of the suspicious Bartolo, at the instant when the duped guardian overhears the conference between the sham music-master and his ward, Rosina. Here, however, tradition, and the admitted customs of the veritable *opera buffa* of the Italians (of which *Il Barbiere* is a matchless example) have accorded to the representatives of Figaro all sorts of licenses—of which, nevertheless, few take such large, and at the same time, legitimate advantages as Ronconi.

The other characters demand but few words. Madame Castellan's Rosina was graceful and intelligent. She sang the "*Una voce poco fa*" extremely well, especially the *largo*, where the beauty of her lower tones was favourably demonstrated; and in the duet, "*Dunque io son*," took much fewer liberties with the text of Rossini than most of her contemporaries—whereby the music was considerably the gainer. Rode's air (introduced in the lesson scene), is not so well suited to Madame Castellan, although the last variation, in *arpeggios* was skilfully executed. Signor Tagliacchi took remarkable pains with the part of Dr. Bartolo, which, besides being almost impossible while Lablache lives and acts, is out of his line. The more, therefore, to his credit that he did so much with it. Basilio is one of the best impersonations of Signor Marini, whose comic gravity and general "make up" (above all the hat) are admirable.

He was in good voice on Thursday night, never once sang out of tune, and produced an excellent effect in the fine air, "*La Calunnia*." Mademoiselle Cotti played Bertha as it should be played—like an old inquisitive duenna—and sang the quaint air in the second act with more than ordinary spirit. The overture was played in first-rate style, and the elaborate and masterly *finale* to the first act was given with a steadiness and force that left no room for animadversion. The performance was, on the whole, indeed, one of the most complete and satisfactory of the present season.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THIS commendable institution is, we are glad to find, progressing. Its excellent object seems now to be more generally understood, and the fears and the jealousy which at the beginning it awakened in the minds of professionals, appear to have gradually died away. The fifth concert, which took place on Monday night, in the Hanover Square Rooms, was attended by a very crowded audience. The programme deserves quoting:—

PART I.

Symphony in G, "Jupiter"	Mozart.
March, "Athalie"	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Regret thee"	Miss Gabriel.
Dramatic overture, MS. (first time of performance), "The Templar," suggested from the 44th and 45th chapters of "Ivanhoe"	Henry Leslie.

PART II.

Overture, "Jubilee"	Weber.
Andante for the pianoforte	Thalberg.
Song, "Oh, skylark, for thy wings"	Minima.
Selection, "Lucia di Lammermoor"	Donizetti.
Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven.

Conductor, Mr. G. A. Osborne.

The first three movements of Mozart's great symphony were so well played, under Mr. Osborne's careful conducting, that the improvement of the orchestra may be stated as an important fact. The *finale* is too elaborate and difficult to be correctly executed by an amateur band, however well marshalled. Miss Gabriel's song is pretty, and was very tastefully given by Miss Messent. The feature of the concert—considered in the light of an interesting novelty—was the overture of Mr. Henry Leslie, whose increasing familiarity with the secrets of his art is denoted by each fresh composition that proceeds from his pen. This overture is not merely clever and admirably scored for the orchestra, it is thoughtful and poetical. A story is told, and well told. The graceful and loving nature of Rebecca is skilfully contrasted with the ardour of chivalry and the clang of arms. The work consists of two movements—a slow introduction in C minor, and an *allegro* in C minor and major. The writing is broad and vigorous throughout, and, amid a studious attention to detail and a sufficiently laborious development of the principal themes, there is never anything in the shape of confusion or super-elaboration. We are not prepared to say that Mr. Leslie's overture is entirely original in style, since a "feeling" of Weber and Mendelssohn is unavoidably recognised throughout. But this in a young composer is not only pardonable but encouraging; it declares his intimacy with the great and imperishable models, and his ambition to emulate their excellence. We have the greatest hopes of Mr. Leslie, and shall be much disappointed if time does not justify our augury of his future excellence. The overture was wonderfully well played, its difficulties considered, and the applause bestowed

upon it proved that it was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Leslie conducted it himself.

Mr. Wellesley is one of our most accomplished amateur pianists; but we were sorry to find him descending from Mendelssohn to Thalberg. For the *bona fide* fantasias of Thalberg we own a thorough admiration; but for his attempts at serious and original composition—of which the *andante* in D flat is an example—we profess none at all; a more singular combination of pretence and unfulfilment could not easily be cited. Nevertheless Mr. Wellesley played it with great energy, if not with unflinching correctness, and was warmly applauded.

At the next concert we are promised the symphony of Mendelssohn in A major, the increasing popularity of which is a sign of the times worth noting, and should incite those who are intrusted with the publication of the posthumous works of the greatest musical genius of the last quarter of a century to be more active and zealous in their labours. All Europe is asking for *Lorley* and *Christus*—that is for so much as is completed of both. All Europe is asking for the early symphonies—the studies with Zelter—the remaining *Lieder ohne worte*—and last, not least, the festival symphony in D. If one bar which Mendelssohn has left be suppressed, his executors will commit neither more nor less than a robbery on the world—the sole and legitimate heir to the treasures of his genius.

"DANIEL."

THE performance of the new oratorio, *Daniel*, by Mr. George Lake, took place at Exeter Hall, on yesternight week, the 21st, before a crowded audience. The principal vocalists were the Misses Messent, Stewart, and Caroline Felton; Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, Leffler, Shoubridge, and H. Buckland. A strong and efficient chorus was obtained from the Sacred Harmonic Societies, and Mr. Lake, of course, conducted. The story of the oratorio hardly needs explanation. Daniel, the minister and favourite of Darius, King of Persia, is conspired against by the jealous courtiers, who induce the King to issue an edict, suspending under the penalty of death, the worship of God for thirty days, for which time no man in the realm "shall aught request of God or man, save only of the King." Daniel is found praying at the altar, in violation of the decree, and is cast into a den of hungry lions; but Darius finding that the animals have no power to harm him, is thunderstruck at this manifestation of the Divine will, restores Daniel to favour, and dismisses the conspirators to the doom intended for their victim. We have no space at present for a detail of the work. As far as popular success be a test of merit, Mr. Lake may congratulate himself on the result of his attempt, for his work was received with the most gratifying and unequivocal marks of approbation. There were several encores. The march and chorus, in particular, with its spirit-stirring *Vis militaris*, elicited a storm of approbation. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in the prayer "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings," as also in the aria, "My God hath sent His Angel." The unaccompanied quartet "Praise ye the Lord," is a piece of graceful and melodious part-writing. Mr. Phillips has a song, "Oh deep laid stratagem," showing strength of design and treatment, although it excited but little attention in the audience. One of the gems of the work, however, is the aria, "Put thou thy trust," which, had it been as fresh in conception as it is melodious and impassioned, would have been an unmistakable indication of originality of thought; but the style throughout is that of Mendelssohn. Aided by the sweet voice and vocalising of Miss Messent, the song could not fail of a highly favourable reception. The choruses are numerous, and the organ obligato in the overture is an ingenious and a novel feature. From the performers, solo, choral, and instrumental, the author received a measure of justice full to overflowing; seldom have we heard a work of the kind executed with more energy,

unity, and completeness. At the conclusion, Mr. Lake bowed his thanks to a shower of plaudits, verging on the enthusiastic, and having retired, was called forward again to receive the congratulations of his friends and the public. The oratorio was followed by Mendelssohn's beautiful hymn, "Hear my Prayer," in which Miss Messent once more displayed the fluty qualities of her voice, and the taste and delicacy of her reading. The concert concluded with Weber's "Praise of Jehovah."

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—Mad. Anna Thillon, with the sisters Rousset, are still at Niblos.

BOSTON.—Mrs. L. De Ribas, late Miss Rosa Garcia, is to have a complimentary concert at the Melodeon, on Saturday evening, May 1st.

BUFFALO.—Catharine Hayes gave her first concert here on April 27th. The tickets were all disposed of on the morning of the same day. Miss Hayes sang in Wheeling on the evening of the 15th, to a fashionable and enthusiastic audience.

MEMPHIS.—Madame Anna Bishop is said to have taken Memphis fairly by storm. The editors seem to have gone crazy about her. After leaving the place she was recalled again for a week. Her next point of destination is Natchez.

CALIFORNIA.—The American *Thrush*—Biscaccianti—carries all before her in San Francisco. Her first concerts have been thronged, and herself overwhelmed with bouquets and applause.

MARSEILLES, 14TH MAY.—Madlle. Charton has been singing here during the season with the greatest success; and the management have judiciously renewed her engagement for eight months, to commence next August. In the meantime "la belle chanteuse" purposes visiting Paris; and you may anticipate seeing her for a short time in London. *Le Semaphore de Marseilles*, in an article by Bénédict, apropos of Madlle. Charton in the *Prophete*, says, "To mention Charton in the part of Bertha, is sufficient to announce a great success; Madlle. Charton, who, a few days since performed *Marguerite de Valois* and *Neritha* in the *Fée aux Roses* with so much excellence, desired to show us her talent in a part of great vocal and dramatic difficulties united, and she has come off triumphantly; and now nothing is impossible to Madlle. Charton. Often have we stated that her talent was admirable; now we have only to add that her talent is complete."

BOULOGNE, MAY 20.—Although the musical season has not actually commenced, there have been several concerts in this pleasant town for the purposes of charity. My health would not permit me earlier to frequent places of amusement; but a short *résumé* of the *Concert donné par la Musique de la Fraternité*, may interest some of your readers. The band of this society is well trained, and performed a grand *fantaisie* on Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, and another on Spontini's *Vestale* with considerable effect. Madame Labarre (contralto) sang some French romances with much *naïveté*. The chief attractions consisted, however, in the instrumentalists. Madlle. Leopoldine Blahetka, a pianist of European celebrity, created great sensation by her admirable playing of some variations on a theme of her own composition, and Godfroid's "Danse des Sylphides." M. de Magnier, formerly première flute of the Belgian *Musique des Guides de Roi*, possesses a most agreeable tone. His fantasia on David's *Hirondelles*, displayed taste and facility in execution, and knowledge of effects on his instrument.

He was much applauded. A solo on the Saxe-horn by M. Ad. Lefebure, was as effective as such pieces are expected to be. He is a clever performer. Mr. Henry Russell has arrived here; and Mr. Albert Smith has already announced his intention to the proprietor of the English Boarding-house, 82, Rue de Boston, to honour Boulogne with a visit this season, whether, with his Mont Blanc en route to Paris, is not yet clearly made out. By the bye I must not omit adding a short notice of a private matinée at the residence of Madlle Blahetka, for exhibiting to the parents of her numerous pupils the progress in their learning. A programme of well-selected pieces gave additional interest to this display, embracing the names of Osborne, Hunter, Kalkbrenner, Gluck, Godefroid, Onslow, Mendelssohn, Rosellen, Koutski, &c. Some of the young ladies gave promise of distinguished talent, particularly Miss Nutt, Madlle. Martinet, and proved the superior qualifications as instructress on the part of Madlle. Blahetka, who, since the demise of M. Schilling, has the principal teaching in this town. A child of ten years old (Madlle. Sauvage), played a nocturno by Dohler, and caprice elegante, by Blahetka, in a style which reminded me of the days of Charles Filtisch, and appears likely to become a worthy successor to that unsurpassed youth.

The theatre with an operatic company will open next month. The beginning of the rural amusements called "Ducasse," has been ushered in with very agreeable weather. Soon more from yours, &c.—A. Z.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. TALLIS TRIMMELL AND OUR CORRESPONDENT.

SIR,—Mr. Tallis Trimmell, organist of Chesterfield, has, in your No. of the 8th inst., disputed the truth of my statement in the criticism the performance of the *Elijah*, in Sheffield. I therein stated, that "There was no organ. For six weeks an organ and Mr. Tallis Trimmell have been advertised, and yet we neither see Mr. Trimmell nor hear the organ, nor was there any apology made." This paragraph is every word true. Mr. Tallis Trimmell, as the organist, was not seen; the organ was not heard during the oratorio. To support the truth of my statement, I beg to send you a paragraph on the subject from the *Sheffield Times*. That paper says,—"It is much to be regretted that the organ could not be made available owing to the pitch being nearly a semitone lower than the wind instruments could possibly come to." I was in the Music Hall twenty minutes before the performance, and I left ten minutes after it was over. During the whole of that time the organ was silent, unless, indeed, pressing down one note to try it with a violin can be called playing the organ.

To me it cannot be of any advantage to say the organ was not played, if it was. I respect Mr. Thos. Tallis Trimmell as the owner of a venerable musical name—personally I do not know him—but had he sat down to the organ, and played during the oratorio, I then should have seen Mr. Thos. Tallis Trimmell, and heard the organ. As it was, although possessing acute ears, I did not hear it.

With respect to Mr. Thos. Tallis Trimmell's other remarks about the performance of the oratorio, I beg most respectfully to assure him that he has, as a musician, much to learn ere he attempts to criticise, for a band may be effective, and yet rather too strong in the brass and weak in the violins. But, perhaps, this and many other common-sense musical truths may have escaped him since he has resided in Chesterfield.

In conclusion, allow me to say, that however disagreeable it sometimes may be to concert-givers and concert artistes, I yet always endeavour to write the truth.

I am yours truly,

Sheffield, May 10, 1852.

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Reviews of Music.

"IMPROMPTU A L'ECOSSAIS."—Dedie' à Mademoiselle Nann. Composé Pour le Piano.—J. R. Ling. Harry May.

"LAMENT OF THE GREEK CAPTIVE."—Sketch for the Piano-forte.—J. R. Ling. Rüst and Stahl.

The two pieces of Mr. Ling are well adapted for teaching, and evidently aim at no higher object. They are moderately difficult, and contain some useful passages for practice. The prettiest is the lament, in A flat, which has an elegant episode in the sub-dominant. In pages 2 and 3, there is an excellent exercise in the shape of an *arpeggio* for the left hand. In the "Impromptu," there is a good deal of character, especially in the introduction on the black keys. The theme is really *Ecosaisse*, with an *e*, not *Ecosais*, as printed in the title-page; and the variations founded upon it preserve its character.

"AT EVE UPON THE LONE SEA SHORE."

"AH, WHY DO I REGRET THREE STILL."—Ballad.—By P. D. Guglielmo. G. Dix and Co.

The two ballads of Signor Guglielmo, one of the most accomplished and talented professors of the vocal art, show a thorough acquaintance with the English ballad school, and great facility in its application. We like them both. The one in F (No. 2), is quite as good in its way, and as well suited to a barytone voice, as the popular ballad of the prolific Balfe, "The heart bowed down," which hitherto has held its head erect among canzones of its species.

The first song, however, is of a higher order. It is in the style of a serenade, in G major, with an exceedingly pretty and musician-like accompaniment. But that is not all, as it is too frequently the case with composers who spend infinite brains and much pains on the accompaniment, which, compared to the tune or melody, is a secondary matter—as it were, a help. Not so Signor Guglielmo. With the skill that enables him to construct a pleasing and effective accompaniment, he combines the invention requisite to produce a flowing vocal melody. It is not much indeed to say that the song, "At eve upon the lone sea shore," is beautiful. The words of both ballads, by W. H. Salmon, are far above the ordinary order. We should add, that the last song is written for a low tenor voice, and is well adapted to low tenor concert-singers.

"THE AMATEUR PRELUDIST."—A collection of Preludes (in three Books)—Books 2 and 3—for the Organ or Harmonium.—Composed and Selected by Edward Travis. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

This is the continuation of a useful compilation of preludes or voluntaries, for the organ, or "Harmonium," the first book of which we reviewed some months since with unqualified commendation. The present numbers exhibit in no less remarkable a degree the extensive research, judicious taste in selection, and skilful management, which we remarked in the first. Now that the work is completed, it is a real volume of gems, selected from every possible source from which treasures of harmony and melody are dug up. Mr. Edward Travis is a good digger of his spade, and knows which soil to hie to for his diggings. To continue the metaphor, he has explored a veritable musical California or Australia, and has been exceedingly fortunate in his explorings. He has not, however, confined his attention and labour to the rich teeming fields of the great masters. While giving plentiful specimens from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others of that kidney (Bach and Haydn being almost entirely overlooked), he has not neglected sources less known, if scarcely less worthy to be known, and has provided most acceptable and masterly *echantillons* from Rinke, Hesse, Geisler, and others. The work, of which the first volume may be considered to be complete, should be in the hands of every organist. A player capable of committing the contents of the book to memory and to finger, would never be at a loss to delight the congregation with music suited to place and occasion, and will have no neces-

sity to have recourse to the vulgar subterfuge of playing selections from operas, and such profane matter in the temple. We shall look forward with much interest for the publication of the second volume of the "Amateur Preludist."

"ALLEGRO," in A major—"VIVACE," in G major—"ALLEGRO CON FUOCO," in G minor.—Composed by Leopold Jansa.

The above three *morceaux*, by an experienced and talented composer, which we have had the pleasure of perusing in MS., supply a great want in the present time—now that the taste of the public is making such rapid progress. Essentially what is termed "good music," they are at the same time short, moderately difficult, and written in a light and pleasing style. As teaching-pieces they would be invaluable, and as such we recommend them very strongly to the publishers, who would find it to their purpose to engrave them.

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Wednesday last Mr. Mitchell took his benefit, which, in spite of the Derby, or perhaps on account of the Derby, drew the most fashionable and crowded house we have seen this season. The patronage of her Majesty was vouchsafed on this occasion, and we feel assured that all the *habitues* of this theatre will acknowledge that this high token of royal favour was most worthily bestowed. Mr. Mitchell's management has ever been conducted on the most liberal basis; and we are truly indebted to him for the admirable and honourable manner in which he has always redeemed his pledges to the public. The performances consisted of three pieces entirely new to the London public. The first entitled "*Yelva*," or *L'Orpheline Russe*, is a new version of the old story of Atis, son of Cræsus, King of Lydia, who dumb from his childhood upwards, suddenly recovers his speech and saves his father, menaced by the uplifted sword of a soldier. The pantomimic action of Madame Rose Chéri was very interesting and highly expressive; the scene in which she sacrifices her own happiness to the honour of the family in which she had found a home and a refuge was played with considerable feeling; and that in which, fearing for her lover's life, she utters a cry of despair, and recovers the use of her speech, was highly dramatic and truly pathetic. M. Tony Blondel, of the Gymnase, was the lover, and M. Villot, who played the part of a Russian nobleman, and turns out to be the brother of Yelva, contributed to the success of the piece, and were applauded. *Le Piano de Berthe* is but an indifferent *bluette*; there is but little incident, and that is not of a very taking description. The souvenirs of a romantic widow, who finds in a successful composer the object of a former passion, and the *gaucheries* of the said composer, who in five years contrives to become a first-rate musician, poet, sculptor, and painter, *credat Judeus!* form the argument of the piece, in which Madame Rose Chéri was charming as usual, but nothing more, and M. Tony Blondel scarcely equal to his part. The last piece, *Un Service à Blanchard*, is a very bustling and highly amusing trifle, full of intrigue, and, although but in one act, rife with incident. Blanchard's wife has written a tender epistle to his clerk, which, coming to the knowledge of Moutonnet's wife, the latter reads her friend a lecture, and persuades her own husband to feign the most violent jealousy to give effect to her remonstrances. This Moutonnet does; but in an interview with Blanchard, he learns that his wife has received an epistle from the clerk in question, and his feigned jealousy is converted into real anger. He now challenges the

clerk, and resolves to repudiate his wife, and confides to Blanchard how he has been imposed upon by the audacity of his wife, who had told him that Blanchard's wife, and not she, was the guilty person. The letter is handed about from one to another, until at last Moutonnet reads it, and convinces himself of his better half's innocence. Numa, in the part of Moutonnet, was the life and soul of the piece; his scene of mock jealousy was admirable, and his real jealousy drew down shouts of laughter. He was ably seconded by Messrs. Roger and Leon. During the entr'actes the Tyrolese Minstrels sang several of their native melodies with perfect ensemble and purity of intonation. They were greatly applauded, especially in the last *morceau*, in which they gave an imitation of a variety of musical instruments.

ADELPHI.—A good English drama has of late become a sort of God-send at this theatre. The new piece, *Sea and Land*, if unequal in construction and incident to some of the French dramas lately produced here, makes ample atonement in variety of character and terseness of dialogue. Ned Bradley (the honest sailor), Shambling Will, and Wild Meg, are vigorous shoots from the native soil. Meg is an especial favourite with the audience, and in her singular mixture of ferocity, kindness, and humour, unmistakeably English. Mrs. Keeley is here completely in her element, and gives every phase of the character with a vigour and contrast that at once seizes and absorbs attention. Meg's love of finery is perfectly natural, but it is a pity that the author has indulged her in it; for as she doffs her tatters, she loses favour with the audience. Mr. Wright has abundant opportunity of exhibiting his quiet, racy humour, which is none the worse in his hands for being of a somewhat practical kind. Mr. Mellon has contributed a new ballad, entitled "Mary's Song." It is a plaintive melody, in two-four time. The thought is particularly happy, and is developed with the strength and acumen that Mr. Mellon invariably shows in compositions of this kind. It is nicely sung by Miss Fitzwilliam, and will make an admirable chamber song.

SURREY.—On Monday night, Miss Glyn took her benefit at this house, and performed the two arduous characters of Julia in the *Hunchback*, and Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. The latter of these parts is chiefly remarkable for the genial vivacity with which Miss Glyn, departing from her tragic atmosphere, allows herself to embody the most petulant and mirthful of Shakspeare's heroines. Julia, on the other hand, is signalled by a bold departure from all previous interpretations. Every actress who has undertaken the part, has made the third act, when Julia first appears after the slight of Sir Thomas Clifford, an occasion for tragic display; but Miss Glyn keeps within the limits of comedy, and where her predecessors have exhibited the extreme of mental torture, she has been content to exhibit the effects of a pique. This novelty of reading shows original mind, while in the fourth and fifth acts, she proves herself capable of all those outbreaks of strong emotion which have hitherto been associated with the character. A want of thought, a want of originating power, is the common deficiency of modern histrionic artists, and it is refreshing to find an actress who dares to take up a part and study it anew without regard to precedent. By her peculiar reading Miss Glyn sacrifices many rounds of applause at well-known "points," but she has the satisfaction of working out a character according to her own conception, which she matures to a high degree of finish. The house was crowded in every part, and Miss Glyn received the honour of divers calls.

VAUXHALL.—We cannot say that Vauxhall opened the season auspiciously on Wednesday night with its *Bal Masqué*. Although a far greater number assembled than one would imagine under the circumstances, the weather must have thrown a damper on the intentions of many who made up their minds to come, and on the enjoyments of many who did come and made up their minds to remain. Still, it did not absolutely rain, and the sport did not expire for want of encouragers. Some of the dresses were splendid, and some of the characters quaint and surprising; and if not altogether a first-rate Vauxhall *Bal Masqué* night, it was sufficiently exciting and hilarious to constitute a high scene of mirth and fun. The directors have accomplished wonders during the recess, and if the directors only carry out what they have announced in their prospectus, it cannot possibly fail to become the most fashionable evening resort of the kind in London. Great changes have been made. There are to be no more equestrians, clowns in the circle, rope-dancers, or ladies that walk upon nothing, amid a series of rockets, to a tower of blue-lights. In their stead we are to have legitimacies in the shape of real ballets, with real dancers from *bona-fide* opera houses; a numerous and efficient choir of madrigal and glee singers; a concert orchestra, organised by draughts from our lyric theatres, placed with the ballet music under the direction of M. Arban; together with a grand military band, under the direction of Mr. Deane. Bootless it were, and endless, to name the divers beauties and enchantments spread over the grounds. These must be left to the visitor, who will find them endless and delightful. A great feature will be the farewell balloon ascents of the veteran Green in the Nassau balloon. The bill of announcement for the opening night (Monday next), Whit-Monday, is highly promising, and has sundry interesting features, vocal and choregraphic. A sprightly list of vocalists and an imposing array of dancers make the bill quite an operative one. In fine, we have no doubt whatever that the present management, from its enterprise and the keenness of its views directed to the providing of popular prolusions, will turn out the most successful for very many years. And this is our Vauxhall prophecy.

HERR STAUDIGL IN LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

The services of this eminent artist were secured for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, in connection with the Saturday Evening Concerts in this town, when large audiences welcomed his return after an absence of some years, and showed by their enthusiasm and attention, a thorough appreciation of his acknowledged talent. We regret that the frequenters of these concerts have not more frequently an opportunity of hearing selections from the works of Handel, &c.; as from the manner in which "Ruddier than the cherry," Spohr's "Amid the battle's raging," were received (independent of Herr Staudigl's classical rendering of them), a taste is engendered for such works, and only requires to be cultivated, amongst the poor artisans. Besides, their occasional introduction would give a healthy tone to these entertainments, and be a great change from the morbid sentimentalism of the ballads constituting these concerts, which not only cause satiety, but never elevate the mind—the ennobling object of music. How Herr Staudigl sings, everybody knows, and criticism is rendered superfluous. Hatton's "Revenge," and Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," he has made his own; whilst Cooke's "Worm," Schubert's "Wanderer," however hackneyed, become features in his hands. Weber's "Haste, nor lose the favouring hour," he also gave with great energy; and this, together with all his songs, were successively encored. Herr

Hauptman, on the violin, played solos by De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, &c. We must object to a pupil, and one not far advanced, being set down for "Vivi tu," and Mr. Miranda's friends wrongly advised him, in selecting this scena; for whatever pretensions he may have to mellowness of tone, his voice wants cultivation, and has a tendency to flatness; besides he yet lacks execution, which only time may give, necessary for such displays. This gentleman also gave "I've met thee oft," by our townsman, Hargreaves, which though prettily written, is not original. Mr. Ryalls should really study something new, as people who have been accustomed to hear him sing, at concert after concert for years, "Sally in our Alley," &c., tire of them. Miss Whitnall would also benefit by this advice. Her friends must really regret her attempting such songs as "Do you really think he did?" which neither suit her style or otherwise. The Misses Smith in their duets are always popular.

Liverpool, 27th May.

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—On Monday evening, the 10th inst., Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the *Creation* was given by the Classical Harmonic Society, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, in the presence of an audience which comprised many of the leading families of the locality. The principal solos were rendered by Madame Clara Novello, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. Lockey. Mr. H. C. Cooper, of the Royal Italian Opera, led the instrumental department, and Mr. P. J. Smith officiated as conductor. Mr. Lockey sang the music of Uriel with his usual delicacy and refinement; and it was gratifying to observe that the increased passion and energy which he manifested when we last heard him, enabled him on the present occasion to impart force and dramatic fervour to his efforts. In the fine air, "In native worth," which he gave with much excellence, he elicited an enthusiastic encore. Herr Staudigl, with his full rich organ, produced some startling effects, and was heard to great advantage in the recitative, "Now opening her fertile womb the earth," and the succeeding aria, "Now heaven in fullest glory shines." The remarkable expression with which he gives the line, "In long dimensions creeps with sinuous pace the worm," and which we had occasion to notice upon a former performance of the oratorio, again told on the audience with surprising effect. Madame Clara Novello is an artist of considerable power, and her intonation is beautifully perfect. In the aria, "On mighty pens," she was warmly applauded. Her interpretation of the lovely song, "With verdure clad," was, in our opinion, deficient in feeling, although the elaboration which pervades the melody was given with consummate skill. The fine duet, "Graceful consort," and trio, "On thee each living soul awaits," were beautifully rendered, and called forth merited plaudits. The choruses went very smoothly. Among the most striking were "The marvellous work," "A new created world," and "Achieved is the glorious work." The instrumentation was likewise very effective. The general success of the performance must have been highly gratifying to the society. We hope they were gainers by the speculation, that they may be induced to present other great works with similar efficient support in the solo department; for it must be confessed that the grand compositions of the great masters are ill suited for amateur vocal display.

LEEDS.—The success which attended the first attempt of the Leeds Rational Recreation Society to provide for the working classes an intellectual entertainment in the shape of a concert of really good music, at such a charge as to be within the reach of all, induced the committee to make a second experiment on Saturday, 15th May, which, like its predecessor, more than realized the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. The *artists* engaged were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Brown, Mr. Perring, M. Delavanti, and Master Pew, together, as the bills said, "with a full and efficient chorus." The concert opened with Danby's glee "Awake Æolian Lyre," which was most effectively sung by the chorus, after which Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Perring gave the duet "O Maritana," from Wallace's Opera, in a very pleasing style; followed by Master Pew, who played a solo in each part of the concert. With strict and untiring practice we think we can predict for this young

performer a high rank in his profession; he certainly does great credit to his instructor, Mr. Bowling, of this town. After Barnett's trio from the *Mountain Sylph*, "This Magic Wave Scarf," beautifully rendered by Mrs. Sunderland and Messrs. Perring and Delavanti, we had Balfe's song, "We may be happy yet," from the former of those gentlemen, in a manner which elicited a loud and unanimous encore, when the song "In this old chair" was substituted. The next three pieces were all re-demanded: "The Blue Bells of Scotland," a song from Mrs. Sunderland, "Beauty's Eyes," and Lover's song, "The Low back'd Car," given by Mr. Delavanti. Both the last pieces were replaced by others on the reappearance of the performers; Mrs. Sunderland singing "Oh Charming May," and Mr. Delavanti, another song of Lover's, "Widow Machree." This last named gentleman, although new to Leeds until the People's Concerts introduced him, has already established himself as a favourite. His buffo singing is certainly most excellent, and though not possessed of by any means a fine voice, his style is such as to set the audience on a complete roar. The Hungarian Polka Chorus, with solo by Mr. Perring, completed the first part. The second part commenced with Bishop's chorus, "Loud let the Moorish tambour sound," which, as well as the other two choruses, "The Echo" and "Now Tramp," was capably sung. The second, "The Echo Chorus," gave much satisfaction. There were also songs for Miss Brown, "The Blind Girl to her Harp," with harp accompaniment; for Mrs. Sunderland, "Barney;" Mr. Perring, a song of his own, "The Ladye that I love," in which we think he lacked power; another buffo song for Mr. Delavanti, "Allister Macallister," with the imitation of the bagpipes, which again excited the risible faculties of the audience to no small extent, and the duet, "Love's Elixir," by the same gentleman and Mr. Perring; and the concert concluded with "God save the Queen," solo by Mrs. Sunderland, in which the audience joined most lustily. Mr. Spark conducted, and to him must be attributed the excellence of the performance of the chorus. (*Abridged from the Leeds Intelligencer*).

DONCASTER.—May 14.—Last Thursday night a concert of vocal and instrumental music was given at the Guildhall, under the management of Mr. Joseph Scates. The attendance was good, the whole of the reserved seats being occupied, and the greater part of the front and back seats well filled. Lord Milton and several officers of the Yeomanry were present. The principal vocalist on the occasion was Mrs. Alexander Newton, who was in excellent voice and sang several pieces with great taste and effect. She was warmly encored in Mr. H. Farmer's new song, "The Bee loves the Flower," and "Lo! hear the gentle Lark." The latter exhibited the power, compass, and richness of her voice, and was a remarkable piece of vocal execution. Mr. Henry Smith sang the "Old Arm-chair," and the two descriptive scenes "The Gambler's Wife" and "The Ship on Fire." For the buffo song "Fayre Rosamond" he substituted "I'm afloat," in which he was encored, and sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Mrs. Newton also deviated from the programme in her last song, and gave "Robin Adair," instead of "Qui la voce." She sang the former with exquisite sweetness, and the audience lost nothing by the change; but we consider it a breach of faith to depart from the programme. Mr. and Mrs. Scates performed on the concertinas, with excellent effect. The air "Casta Diva;" the fantasia on airs from "Linda di Chamouni," and the fantasia on Scotch airs "Ye Banks and Braes," were performed by Mr. Scates in a very masterly manner, and calculated to induce a most favourable idea of the capabilities of the concertina in proficient and skilful hands. In these pieces Mrs. Scates performed the accompaniment on the pianoforte; she also played in a duet with Mr. Scates (treble and bass concertinas) being selections from *I Puritani*, and displayed considerable ability in the solo passages. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," and the audience appeared to be much gratified with the evening's entertainment.—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

Miscellaneous.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERTS.—Mr. Richards, one of our most eminent professors of the pianoforte, has resumed his

annual series of concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms. The second took place on Saturday afternoon, in presence of a crowded and fashionable attendance. Perhaps no musician of his high standing is more patronized by the nobility than Mr. Brinley Richards, a fact which nevertheless we only allude to in order to establish an argument for which we have warmly argued—viz., the striking progress evinced by the musical public of all classes in this country. Mr. Richards following the example of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, the original founder of the classical chamber concerts, now so much in vogue, has the courage to present his aristocratic and wealthy patrons with a programme exclusively composed of the highest order of music. Ten years ago this would have been impossible, but ten years have made a marked difference in the general appreciation of the art, and of this difference Mr. Richards has wisely taken advantage. The programme of Saturday included Beethoven's *trio* in C minor (op. 1)—a prelude and fugue of Sebastian Bach—a "song without words," by Mendelssohn—studies by Chopin and Ferdinand Hiller—Beethoven's solo sonata, in A flat (op. 26)—Mendelssohn's *andante con variazione* (op. 83, posthumous), for two performers—Mozart's sonata in A, with violin—and a selection of three very clever and interesting pieces, by the concert-giver, who is not less distinguished as a composer than as a pianist. In all these Mr. Brinley Richards himself was the executant, and displayed to advantage that admirable talent to which he is indebted for the high position he enjoys. In Mendelssohn's duet he was assisted by M. Alexandre Billet, the most accomplished of all the foreign pianists resident in this country. The various performances were listened to with strict attention by the fashionable audience, and every piece was liberally applauded. The concert was pleasantly varied by some vocal music, the most interesting features in which were Mendelssohn's song, the "Garland," sung with the utmost taste by that improving tenor, Mr. Swift (encored), and a new and graceful ballad by Mr. Richards, to which the amplest justice was rendered by Miss Dolby, the most experienced and popular of our native singers. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied the vocal music on the piano with his accustomed ability.—*Times*.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI'S MATINEES.—The first of the Matinées Musicales of this highly-talented and eminent artiste was given in the New Beethoven Rooms on Saturday Morning, before a very fashionable and crowded audience. Osborne and De Beriot's Duo Concertante for pianoforte and concertina was exquisitely performed by M. Magnus and Signor Regondi; the expression and force of feeling thrown into the concertina part called forth the most vehement applause, and M. Magnus, in the pianoforte part, was justly entitled to a portion of it. Miss M. Williams sang Handel's Air, "Mio ben ricordati," with true sentiment and feeling; also Land's "When sorrow sleepeth," in a very chaste and pleasing style; we never heard Miss Williams in better voice, or sing with so much expression. Herr Lidel, an artist of considerable talent, played two very pleasing solos on the violoncello, in a style that places him among the first rank of violoncellists. M. Magnus executed a fantasia on the pianoforte, "Souvenir de l'Exposition," in which he introduced "The last rose of summer" and "God save the Queen." Signor Regondi's performance of Spohr's Concerto Dramatique, arranged for concertina (first time), was in the most finished style; his depth of feeling and extreme sensibility were communicated to the instrument, which breathed the true sentiment and poetry of music.

Signor and Madame Ferrari sang Verdi's duetto, "Oh, di qual onta," most charmingly; and Madame Ferrari also sang very effectively Rossini's Recit. e Romanza, "Selva opaca," with obligato concertina (baritone), which was played by Sig. Regondi. Signor Marras sang with much expression "S'io fossi un angelo." Signor Regondi performed, for the first time, a solo for the concertina on airs from "Les Huguenots," which contained so many fresh beauties that the auditors were completely delighted. Signor Regondi's solo on the guitar, on an air from "I Montecchi Capuletti," displayed astonishing execution and expression, and gave unqualified delight. The concert concluded with Schubert and Kummer's Duetto Concertante, on airs from *Guglielmo Tell*, arranged for violoncello and concertina, which had the most ample justice done to it by Herr Lidel and Signor Regondi. M. Frelon was the con-

ductor, and the concert gave entire satisfaction to Signor Regondi's admirers.

MISS KATE HICKSON gave her first concert, at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Friday evening, the 21st inst., before a crowded audience. The concert commenced with Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," which was sung by Miss Stabbach, Miss Ursula Barclay, and Mr. Weiss. The fair *bénéficiaire*, who, we understand, is a pupil of Manuel Garcia, sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," very delightfully, and received well-merited applause. In Donizetti's cavatina, "In questo simplice," Miss Kate Hickson showed that she has really benefited by the instructions of her master; she has good intonation, distinct enunciation, and sings with great taste and feeling: the charming way in which she sang the cavatina fully entitled her to the loudly-expressed approbation she received. In Frank Mori's song, "Come where the sweet-ton'd zephyrs pass," which was sung exquisitely, she earned a unanimous encore, and also gave very great satisfaction in Spohr's song, "A bird sat on an alder bough." Mr. Weiss sang very effectively Balfe's song (from the "Castle of Aymon"), "Sentinel." Mr. Swift sang, in his best style, Verdi's "In cielo benedetto," and "Smiles and tears," by Angelina. Mr. Wrighton produced a very great effect in his song of "Sweet home," which was unanimously encored. Madlle. Coulon played a fantasia of Thalberg, and a galop, with great execution and brilliancy, and retired amidst loud applause. Miss Bassano gave Mozart's "L'Addio" charmingly, and Herr Strofrenge two German ballads. Madame Evelina Garcia sang Rode's air with variations, which was enthusiastically encored; and also sang brilliantly "Zingara." Mr. John Thomas delighted the audience by the very brilliant and exquisite manner he played a solo on the harp by Parish Alvars, on airs from "I Montecchi," and received the warmest applause. Mons. de Munck executed one of his extraordinary solos on the violoncello; Signor Bricealdi played an admirable solo on the flute, on airs from "Sonnambula," which was much applauded. Miss Stabbach sang "When the lunar light is beaming," by Dr. Steggall; and Miss Ursula Barclay sang a beautiful song, by Aguilar, "Come let us wander," which was very effectively accompanied by the composer. Mr. Frank Mori and Signor Bellini conducted in the most efficient manner. Miss Kate Hickson has every reason to congratulate herself on the favourable termination of her first concert.

MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.—Mr. Allcroft gave one of his illimitable musical entertainments on Monday afternoon at the Lyceum theatre. The programme, consisting of between 40 and 50 *morceaux*, was confided to a proportionate number of eminent vocal and instrumental performers. First and foremost was Madame Pleyel, who, in three of her most admired pieces—Dohler's *Guillaume Tell*, Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*, and Liszt's arrangement of Rossini's *Tarantella*—astonished and delighted the audience beyond measure. Then Sivori, on the violin, and Bottesini, on the double-bass, exhibited the wonders of their execution with the accustomed success. There were also the Distin family, with their fine-toned sax-horns—Richardson, with a flute solo, unsurpassed in neatness—and Mr. Case, with an instrument called the *concertina*, a sort of compound of the Jew's harp and the flageolet—all, in their way, acceptable to a large class of the audience. The vocal pieces were fairly beyond reckoning. The mention of a few of them must suffice. Jetty Treffz, with her charming Styrian melody, sung with that sweetness and simplicity peculiarly her own, afforded the greatest pleasure, and raised unanimous applause. Mr. Sims Reeves sang a serenade by Desanges with so much taste and feeling that, though an anathema against encores was printed at the head of the programmes, it was wholly disregarded by the audience, who insisted upon a repetition. Mrs. Sims Reeves obtained the warmest applause for the artistic style in which she gave Schimon's beautiful *romanza*, "Abime di quel dolore," accompanied by the composer. Miss Louisa Pyne won great favour in "Cease your funning," and was not less successful in a graceful ballad entitled "The Switzer's Mountain Lay," the composition of Miss Ellen Glascock, with which the audience were evidently pleased. The *preghiera* from *Mose in Egitto*—executed by the whole force of vocalists, accompanied by eight harps, four sax horns (the Distins), and Mr. Frank Mori, on the pianoforte,—produced no sensation whatsoever. Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Poole each sang a new ballad—"The

Maiden's Prayer," and the "Syren's Gift"—composed by Mr. T. Baker, printed copies of which were presented to all the ladies who honoured the private boxes, stalls, and public boxes with their presence. The ballads were very well sung, and were very well in their way. We must be content to add that a multitude of other pieces, chiefly solos and duets, were sung, with more or less success, by Madame and Signor F. Lablache, Mademoiselle Favanti, Madame E. Garcia, Signor Calcagno, Misses Dolby, Messent, Lowe, M'Alpine, Ley; Messrs. Drayton, Brandt, Leflier, Reichart, &c. The audience, a very full one, appeared delighted with the entertainment which Mr. Allcroft had provided. Messrs. Schimon and Frank Mori fulfilled the laborious office of accompanists with equal talent and zeal.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Novelty seems to have altogether ceased among the sacred harmonists. The *Messiah*, *Creation*, and *Elijah*; what else? *Elijah*, *Creation*, and *Messiah*! what further? the *Creation*, *Messiah*, and *Elijah*! The season is sung out, like church bells, by permutations. The *Creation* was given on Wednesday to a hall as crowded as usual. The vocalists were as usual, Miss Birch, and Messrs. Lockey and Lawler, and sang with the same excellence as usual. We never heard Miss Birch in better voice. After Mr. Lawler had delivered "Now Heaven in fullest glory," and Mr. Lockey had obtained an encore for "In native worth," we left.

MIDDLE ANICHINI.—The annual morning concert of this accomplished professor, announced to take place on Monday, at the residence of Lady Vassal Webster (Roehampton), presents, as usual, a great variety of attractions. Beside some of the principal vocalists of Her Majesty's Theatre, with several eminent English singers, Middle Anichini will be supported by M. Emile Prudent, one of the most celebrated pianists of the modern school. In the intervals of the performances the band of the 1st Life Guards will perform in the grounds. The concert is under the most distinguished patronage.

SUSSEX HALL.—Miss Rebecca Isaacs' concert, on Tuesday last, at the above hall, attracted a crowded audience ready and willing to do justice to that young lady's vocal talent. The conductors were Mr. Lovell Phillips, Signor Schira, and Mr. J. Willy. The gem of the evening was Lovell Phillips' song entitled "Fairy visions," which was rendered by Miss Isaacs with a charm and expression that elicited loud applause from the large company assembled, and a demand for an encore. Miss Isaacs was ably supported in the concert by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madlle. Garcia, Miss Lowe, Mons. Fedor, Messrs. Whitworth, Drayton, Manvers, and others; and the entertainment seemed to give general satisfaction.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S CONCERT.—One of the most interesting concerts we have listened to for some time, was given by this eminent pianist and composer in the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening. Hummell's Grand Military Septett, in C, was performed in a very brilliant style by Mr. C. Salaman (pianoforte), Signors Sivori, Piatti, Bottesini, Bricealdi, Mr. Lazarus and Herr Zeiss. The adagio was played with the greatest possible feeling and expression, and was universally applauded. All the other movements had also the greatest effect given to them, and received the loudest applause. Mr. Swift sang Meyerbeer's romance, "Piu bianca," with viola obligato by Mr. Richard Blagrove, very delightfully; also a canzonet, "Trova un sol," and a serenade, "Gia la notte," both composed by Mr. Salaman, which were unanimously applauded. Middle Jetty Treffz sang Mr. Salaman's ballad, "Oh, if thou wert mine own love," most charmingly; and in Mozart's aria, "L'Addio," she delighted the audience. Signor Piatti excelled himself in his solo on the violoncello on the air, "Then you'll remember me;" and Sivori, as usual, was immense. Miss Louisa Pyne sang Mr. Salaman's ballad, "Home," with exquisite feeling, and Coppola's beautiful and florid aria, "Ah no la rosa è mia," called forth the loudest applause, and both would have been encored; but Miss L. Pyne only acknowledged the compliment, as she could not accept the encores, in consequence of having to go to another concert. Herr Staudigl sang in his most finished and expressive style, Mr. Salaman's (MS.) song, "Liebend gedenke ich dein," and Spohr's aria, "Der Krieger'st erbeben," also, with Jetty Treffz, Mehul's duet, "Du bist die stütze des Alters," which gained

general approbation. Mr. Salaman, in the duet with Sivori, and in Dussek's Grand Symphony Concertante in B flat, for two pianofortes, with Herr Heinrich Bohrer, displayed to great advantage his powers of execution, also his sparkling elasticity of touch and expression, and received continuous and reiterated applause. Mr. Aptommas played a grand fantasia on the harp (on airs from *I Montecchi* and *Semiramide*) in a very brilliant manner. At this point we were obliged to leave, viz. half-past eleven, when there were five more pieces to perform. Having listened with the greatest attention and gratification to the admirable manner in which everything was performed and conducted, we thought we had done our duty; for enough is as good as a feast, and the greatest gourmand could not but have been satisfied at that hour.

MADLLE. JOHANNA WAGNER.—The well known and accomplished Artist Herr L'Allemand of Berlin has just finished one of his best portraits (which has been lithographed by Stein) that of Madlle. Wagner. We find in it mind and life, expression and poetry, perfectly portraying the genius of the vocalist. This portrait will greatly add to the renown of the artist L'Allemand. A dark velvet dress bordered with white fur, encircles the elegant figure, which negligent and animating, is standing near a chair, her hand slightly touching the frame. Her blonde hair falls in graceful form round her noble head, and from the deep penetrating eye looks unmistakeably *Johanna Wagner* the personification of *Statira*, of *Donna Anna*, of *Klytemnestra*. Even were the likeness less apparent, we should nevertheless conclude that in such a form dwells a creative soul.—*Berlin Paper*.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN.—These juvenile wonders and public pets, after having achieved an unprecedented success at the Surrey Theatre, have been lately starring it throughout the provinces, creating the utmost enthusiasm wherever they have appeared. The children are at present in Liverpool, and are nightly drawing immense audiences to the Theatre Royal. We believe they will return once more to London, and give a series of farewell performances previous to their departure for America.

MR. ZABA'S LECTURE.—The Right Hon. Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P., took the chair at a meeting on Saturday, held at Willis's Rooms, when Mr. N. F. Zaba explained the principles of a system calculated to strengthen the powers of memory, and to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge, which will prove important in the province of education. Mr. Zaba's lecture gave entire satisfaction, and elicited the approbation of a highly intelligent audience.

HERR REICHAERT.—We have to record the entire success of this gentleman in the character of Max, in *Der Freyschutz* at Drury Lane Theatre last week, on the occasion of Signor Schirra's Benefit. We believe Herr Reichart is evidently a good actor, as a singer he is well known and appreciated. We trust the report is true that Mr. Bunn has engaged him next season; he will be a great acquisition to the list of tenors that will be required, to fill the parts in the new English Operas intended to be produced in the winter at Drury Lane Theatre.

POLYTECHNIC.—During the week a highly instructive and interesting Lecture on Music, has been given at this institution by Mr. George Buckland, with much success. The lecture consists in the contrasting music of the present century with that of the last, vocally illustrated with several new and highly effective compositions, many of which, if published, we imagine would become very popular. The ballad of the "Haunted Oak," and the descriptive song of "The Arab Tent," deserve especial commendation, and the style with which they are sung, and the expression and feeling Mr. Buckland imparts to them, elicit much genuine applause. This gentleman is evidently very talented both as a vocalist and instrumentalist, and is becoming a very great favourite with the London public.

HULL VOCAL SOCIETY.—HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL TO MR. SKELTON.—This flourishing society gave one of its charming concerts last evening in the large Music Hall, Jarratt-street, which was crowded to excess, and the performances were well worthy of the immense audience assembled,—the glees, madrigals, harmonised airs, and other concerted music, of which the programme consisted, being given with a fidelity and precision seldom sur-

passed—and with taste and expression never equalled by any provincial society we have ever heard. We must frankly confess that there are no concerts given in this town which afford us more unalloyed pleasure than those of the Hull Vocal Society, inasmuch as we have all our lives long been ardent admirers of the fine English glee and madrigal music which are there rendered so intelligently and effectively. Two years ago we should have thought it impossible for a body of amateurs to be formed in this locality capable of singing our finest part music with the fidelity—and, above all, with the *expression* which characterise the performance of this society. Thanks, however, to the unwearied assiduity and undoubted ability of the conductor, Mr. G. J. Skelton, the subscribers to this society and their friends have now the opportunity of hearing some of the finest music ever composed rendered with an accuracy, intelligence, and spirit seldom or never found out of the metropolis, and only attainable by incessant practice, even among skilled musicians. We unhesitatingly state that the last two concerts of the Hull Vocal Society would do credit to any musical association in the kingdom; and we sincerely hope that the lovers of good music, well executed, will for many years to come have the pleasure of attending its performances. One element of stability the society undeniably possesses, and that is implicit confidence in the ability, and a high estimation of the character of its conductor, Mr. Skelton. This was evinced yesterday by the presentation of a handsome and costly ivory and gold baton, voluntarily subscribed for by the members. This splendid testimonial bears the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Hull Vocal Society to their conductor, George J. Skelton, Esq., as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services, and of their high respect for his talents and character. May, 1852." Mr. Skelton richly merits the testimonial he has received, and we can only repeat our hope that he may long wield his handsome baton in successfully conducting the Hull Vocal Society.—*Hull Packet*, May 14, 1852.

HUNGARIAN MUSICAL COMPANY.—BIRMINGHAM.—In consequence of the great success Kalozdy's Hungarian band recently obtained in the above town, they were induced to relinquish other engagements in order to gratify the inhabitants with an entirely new programme, on which occasion they were assisted by Miss Annie Morris, who sang two ballads in such an artistic manner as to elicit great and deserved applause. This young lady—late a pupil of the Academy—has received her musical education under Garcia, and bids fair to become an ornament to her profession.

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RESPECTFULLY announces her **MATINEE MUSICALE** on MONDAY, MAY 31st, 1852, at her residence, No. 8, STRATTON STREET, Piccadilly. Vocalists—Madame E. Garcia, Misses Lascelles, Ursula Barclay, and Messent, Herr Staudigl, Herr Reichart, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Instrumentalists—Signors Sivori, Luciano Paggi, Messrs. George Case and G. A. Osborn. Conductor, Mr. W. H. Gratiani. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, to be had of Miss Messent. To commence at Two o'clock.

I. AND I. ERAT,

PATENT HARP MANUFACTURERS, 23, Berners-street, Oxford-street, beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and the public, that they are now manufacturing a light and elegant small-sized double-movement HARP, strongly recommended by the faculty for the use of young ladies and those of delicate health, the large harp being found much too heavy for general practice. A large assortment of instruments for sale or hire. Harps and pianos taken in exchange; repairs of all kinds executed. The suspension sounding board, as invented by I. and I. Erat, for N. C. Boehm; see his First Six Weeks' Instruction for the Harp. Tuning attended to. Strings and every requisite always on hand.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY,

THE Subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the **SIXTH CONCERT** will take place on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 31st inst., at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Programme: Sinfonia, No. 2, Spohr; Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim, Mendelssohn; Overture, Oberon, Weber, Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven; Fantasia, violin, Herr Joachim; Overture (MS.), Cherubini. Vocal performers: Madame Clara Novello and Herr Staudigl Conductor, Mr. Costa. To commence at Eight o'clock. Subscription for the Season, £4 4s.; Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, 21 0s.; Triple Tickets, £2 5s., to be had at Messrs. Addison & Co.'s, 210, Regent-street.

MAD. E. ST. MARC

HAS the honour to announce that her First Evening Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, June 2nd, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated Artists: Vocalists, Mesdames Josephine Hugot, E. Garcia, Schutz, Lemaire, Oldisi; MM. Fedor, Ciabatti, Jonghman, De Beker, and Herr Reichart. Instrumental Performers: Pianoforte, Mad. E. St. Marc and M. Jacques Herz; Violin, M. Bezeth; Concertina, Signor Regondi; Violoncello, M. De Munk; Conductor, Mr. Salaman. Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mad. E. St. Marc, 87, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 1,

FIDELIO.

MDLLE. SÖFIE CRUVELLI, SIGNORI CALZOLARI and BILLETTI.

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

MADAME DE LA GRANGE,

SIGNORI CALZOLARI, F. LABLACHE, and LABLACHE.
AND BALLET.

THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 3rd, 1852,

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.**DON PASQUALE.**

MAD. DE LA GRANGE, SIGNORI GARDONI, FERRANTI, and LABLACHE.

LAST ACT OF OTELLO.Otello, ... Signor GARDONI.
Desdemona, ... Mdle. SÖFIE CRUVELLI.

AND BALLET.

Mdlles. Caroline Rosati, Guy Stephan and Regina Fori.
Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Opera Box-office, Colonnade, Haymarket.**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.****CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.**—MONDAY, JUNE 7, Handel's ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Staudigl, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 Double Basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall.**MUSICAL UNION.****HIS Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT Patron.**—TUESDAY, JUNE 1st, WILLIS'S ROOMS, half-past 3: Quartet in D, Op. 44, Mendelssohn; Sonata, C minor, piano and violin, Beethoven; Quintet, in A, clarinet, &c., Mozart. Executants: Herr Laub (from Prague), Pollitzer, Oury, and Piatti, clarinet; Lazarus; pianoforte, Mlle. Claus, who will perform solos by Chopin, S. Heller, &c. Visitors' tickets half-a-guinea each, to be had only of the Treasurers, Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street. J. ELLA, Director.**MADAME VERDAVAINNE****HAS** the honour to announce that her **MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, on **THURSDAY, JUNE 17th, 1852**, when she will perform Beethoven's grand Sonata (op 47), Bertini's first Sextuor and Thalberg's grand Fantasia on Don Pasquale. Vocalists: Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Miss Ursula Barclay, Mad. Lemaire, Mr. Frank Boddia. Instrumentalists: Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Aylward, Ch. Severn, Ap Thomas, Tournour, and Mad. Verdavainne. Conductor: Mr. Aguilar. Tickets 10s. 6d., reserved seats 15s. each, to be had of Mad. Verdavainne, 17, Rutland-street, Regent's-park, and at the principal music-sellers.**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION,
WILLIS'S ROOMS, ST. JAMES'S.****UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.**
MRS. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, assisted by Mr. T. Young and Mr. H. Barnby, beg to announce that the **NEXT SERIES OF MORNING CONCERTS** will take place on **JUNE, the 7th, and three following Mondays.** All communications to be addressed to **MR. H. PHILLIPS, Hon. Sec., 35, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.** Agents, Addison & Hollier, 210, Regent-street, and Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street.**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION,
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.****THE public is respectfully informed** that the above **UNION**, having been re-constructed, will, in connexion with Mr. Francis and Mr. Land, include the eminent services of Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Frank Boddia. A **SERIES OF FOUR MORNING CONCERTS** will be given at the **St. James's Theatre** on **THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd; Thursday, 10th; Thursday, 17th; and Thursday, 24th;** commencing each morning at **Three o'clock precisely.** Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, where also subscriptions for the Series may be arranged.
E. LAND, Hon. Sec., 5 Foley-place.**PRINCESS' CONCERT ROOMS, OXFORD STREET.**
FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY.**HUNGARIAN MUSICAL COMPANY.****FIRST PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY, JUNE 4th, 1852.**
To commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely.**HERR MOLIQUE****HAS** the Honour to announce that the first of his **THREE CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC**, will take place at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street, on FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 18th** Subscription and Triple Tickets, One Guinea each, Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, are to be had of Messrs. Beale and Co., Regent-street; Ever and Co., Newgate-street; and of Herr Molique, 9, Houghton-place, Amptill-square.**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS**Has the honour to announce that the
**THIRD PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN
PIANOFORTE MUSIC,**

Will take place

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,**ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 16.****VOCALISTS:—****MDLLE. JETTY DE TREFFZ,
MISS BIRCH AND MISS DOLBY, MADAME MACFARREN,
MR. S. SWIFT.****PIANOFORTE, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD & MR. RICHARDS.
MONSIEURS SAINTON AND PIATTI.
SIGNOR BOTTESINI.****Conductors, MR. G. A. OSBORNE and MR. AGUILAR.**
Single Tickets, Seven Shillings. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea.**NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQ.****MR. JOHN THOMAS,****PROFESSOR of the Harp at the Royal Academy of Music,**
and principal Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, has the honour to announce that he will give a**MORNING CONCERT****ON MONDAY, JUNE 7th,**

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

On which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Vocal, Miss Bassano, Mrs. Arthur Stone, Miss Lascelles, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Frank Boddia, Mr. Thomas Feed, and Herr Staudigl. Instrumental: Violin, Herr Jansa and Herr Laub; Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder and Herr Pauer; Harp, Mr. John Thomas, who will perform some of the most celebrated Fantasias by Parish Alvars, in addition to some new compositions by himself, and several of his native Welsh melodies.

Reserved Seats, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Mr. John Thomas, 88, Great Portland-street; Boosey & Co., 28, Holles-street; and of all the principal Music-sellers.

MISS BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE**HAVE** the honour to announce that their **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place on **FRIDAY, JUNE 4th, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square.** Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Misses Trickett, Ranford, Bassano, Macille, Jetty de Treffz, Herr Reichart, Mr. Swift, and Herr Staudigl. Instrumentalists—Signori Sivori, Bottesini, Mr. John Thomas, and Herr Wm. Kuhe. Conductors: Mr. Frank Mori, Signor Biletta, Herr Rummel, and Herr Kuhe. To commence at two o'clock; Tickets half-a-guinea, reserved seats 15s. each, to be had of Miss Bassano, 18, Clifton-road, St. John's-wood; Herr Kuhe, 70, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, and of all the principal Music-sellers.**MADAME PLEYEL****HAS** the honour to announce that her **SECOND GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place at **WILLIS'S ROOMS, on THURSDAY, JUNE 24th,** to commence at half-past Two o'clock precisely. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Reserved Seats, 15s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, Regent-street.**MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER****BEG** to announce that their **ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, JUNE 7th,** to commence at half-past 2 o'clock. Vocalists: Misses L. Pyne, Amy Dolby and Dolby; Messrs. Francis, Land, Swift and Boddia. Instrumentalists: Signor Sivori, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, Signor Bottesini; Messrs. A. Mellon, Watson, H. Hill, R. Blagrove and Lindsay Sloper. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. All the seats will be reserved. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each, may be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick-place, Hyde Park.**BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.****MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT** respectfully announces that the **FIFTH MEETING** will take place on **NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 2nd,** at 27, Queen Anne-street. Quartetts, Beethoven, No. 6, B flat; No. 16, in A minor (Posthumous); Quintett, in C, Beethoven; Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Sterndale Bennett. Executants—Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, Webb, Rousselet, and Sterndale Bennett. Tickets at Messrs. Rousselet and Co.'s, 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street; and at the Rooms.Printed and Published for the Proprietor by **MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS**, of No. 2, Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid; To be had of G. Purkiss, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, May 29, 1852